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AGNES SCOTT
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



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Agnes Scott's Twelfth Alumnae Day Presents

"Meeting Today's Challenge"

Thursday, November 12

Presser Hall

- 3:30 P. M. — "Women in the War"
Lieut. Mildred McFall, ex-'24, head of the Atlanta Office of Naval Officer Procurement.
- 4:30 P. M. — "The Impact of the War on Higher Education"
Dr. Goodrich White, president of Emory University.
- 5:30-6:45 P. M.—Book Exhibit in the Library. This exhibit is arranged through the courtesy of Miss Edna Hanley, and members of War Council will act as hosts. Included in the exhibit will be war maps and war books of special interest, in addition to other current publications.
- 5:30-6:45 P. M.—Exhibit of Paintings by Miss Louise Lewis, in the Museum Room of the Library.
- 7:00 P. M. —Dinner in Rebekah Scott Dining Room. Alumnae and their husbands are guests of the college for this occasion. All reservations must be made by Monday, Nov. 2, in order for the dietitians to make the necessary arrangements. We ask your cooperation in this matter.
- 8:30 P. M. — "Our Destiny in Asia"
Hallett Abend, New York Times' Chief Far Eastern Correspondent from 1926 to 1941. Admission, 55c.
- 10:00 P. M. —Reception for guest speakers and campus visitors.
Murphey Candler Building; Lecture Association hosts.

Mark November 12 on your date pad now!
Remember to make dinner reservations
by November 2!

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THE COVER THIS MONTH

This month's cover is dedicated to the hundreds of Agnes Scott girls who are crowding into the science labs in order to prepare themselves for active participation in defense industries; and to the multitude of alumnae who have already found their places in the research and testing laboratories of our nation's great industrial plants. We dedicate this issue to the quest for knowledge! The girl on the cover is Bee Bradfield, '42, former editor of the Agnes Scott News, and member of Mortar Board.

COOPERATIVES and PEACE

BY ELIZABETH K. LYNCH, '33

Harold Fey's convincing pamphlet on "Cooperatives and Peace" warns that the slim prospect that civilization has to escape the chaos of another "Hundred Years' War" depends to a considerable degree on what is done now inside democracies to preserve and extend freedom. His warning is this: "Unless the cooperative and similar movements can extend the health-giving principle of democracy from the political life deep into the economic habits of the country, a corroding industrial autocracy will destroy even political democracy, and with it our hopes for peace."

Vice President Henry A. Wallace has called the Consumer Cooperative Movement, the "dominant economic idea of the future." This Movement has just recently come into our southeastern states with a new headquarters near Agnes Scott College. An Agnes Scott alumna has had the privilege of working with that headquarters, which is described later in this paper.

In his recent address before the Free World Congress, Wallace depicts the present war as part of the millennial and revolutionary march of the common people toward the four freedoms for which the United Nations have taken their stand.

"We who live in the United States," he said, "may think there is nothing very revolutionary about freedom of religion, freedom of expression, and freedom from the fear of secret police. But when we begin to think about the significance of freedom from want for the average man, then we know that the revolution of the past one hundred and fifty years has not been completed, either here in the United States or in any other nation in the world. We know that this revolution cannot stop until freedom from want has actually been attained."

It is with that kind of thought in mind that we of the Cooperative Movement feel that while we are neither making guns nor carrying them, we are none-the-less working directly on a part of this great "march of freedom"—a part which is both essential and urgent.

The Cooperative Movement has been defined as an educational movement which employs economic action in an effort to bring about certain desired social ends. Early this year the *New York Times* described it as "one of the world's most peaceful, most constructive economic reform movements." Freedom from want for the average man is one of its major goals. It is building an economy of abundance for all as opposed to the subsidy of scarcity which benefits only the few; it is building a democratic economy in which the average man is not the helpless victim of this or that great cartel or monopoly but rather and in truth is "master of his own destiny." Professor Paul H. Douglas of the University of Chicago has described the movement as "one of the relatively unnoticed marvels of the last eighty years." Average people, a lot of little people—housewives, farmers, workers in all trades, teachers, office workers, students—people with little capital, little savings—pooling orders, sharing savings, playing the game of give and take for the good of the group, buying cooperatively the goods and services they need from day to day,

"have created a democracy with more content and more power, with greater portent for the new world, than all the high flown dreams of economists, politicians and world masters."¹

There are cooperatives in more than 35 countries. Among them, before World War II, was arising an appreciable trade across national boundaries which gave promise for a new world order.

Most of the bases on which mankind has thus far organized his interests are divisive in nature: labor and capital; Protestant, Jew, and Catholic; Democrat and Republican; white and Negro; nation and nation—each striving for its own usually worthy goals but often involving antagonisms, class and race distinctions, pride, bitterness, and war. A basis for organization which is cohesive in nature must be one which all men hold in common. One of the most significant but relatively neglected of these lies in the fact that all men are *consumers*—consumers of goods and services. Organized purchasing power is the strongest economic control in the world; it can be used to reshape national and international economies so that they truly serve the needs of the peoples of the world.

Almost one hundred years ago, twenty-eight desperately poor and hungry weavers of the little English village of Rochdale, failing in attempts to get increased wages, formed the first consumers' cooperative. From their little investment of 28 pounds and their discovery of a significant set of business principles has grown Britain's biggest business. Eight million families are members of consumer cooperatives in England, Scotland, and Wales, the cradle of cooperation. Their business last year totaled a billion and a half dollars.

The idea rapidly spread to Europe and became an essential part of the vital democracy for which the Scandinavian countries became famous. Until the present war broke out, American school teachers, college professors, and other social scientists, in their search for economic ideas that might improve American democracy, turned by the thousands to Scandinavia to see what cooperation and common sense had achieved there. Sweden's consumer cooperatives became famous for their trust busting. Although controlling only 11% of the business of the country, the co-ops broke the grip of four great cartels. In Denmark, cooperatives were an important part of the program in which farm tenancy dropped from 42% to 3%. The Finns, with 40% of their business handled by cooperatives, had wiped out unemployment. In Norway too, cooperatives were a part of a new pattern for peaceful, democratic social change. The Scandinavian experiment in social progress has been successful, but with that test tube temporarily in the hands of a tyrant it is increasingly important to carry it on where there is still some measure of freedom and while there is yet time.

Without fanfare or publicity the Cooperative Movement has made dramatic progress in the United States. In 1940 more than two million consumers purchased approximately \$600,000,000 worth of goods through their cooperatives. Consumer co-ops organized by farmers handled one sixth

¹Campbell, foreword to Voorhis, *Morale of Democracy*, p. 42.

of all the farm supplies purchased in the United States last year.

But most of this cooperative activity has taken place outside our own Southland. In fact until a year or so ago national cooperative leaders thought of our eleven southeastern states as the barren desert of the cooperative movement. About three years ago a group of teachers, preachers, and other social workers and social scientists met in Greenville, S. C., to discuss cooperatives at a conference paid for by the General Education Board. Out of this and subsequent similar meetings was born the Southeastern Cooperative Education Association. At first there were no paid employees—no office—just a lot of hard work and correspondence done by busy people holding down their own full time jobs and trying to start a Cooperative Movement for the South during their leisure time. Then in January, 1941, a small grant was secured—enough to employ two persons and open a small office (9' and 12' to be exact!). The writer was privileged to be the first employee. Charles M. Smith was employed a few months later. As the work began to take shape the association became the Southeastern Cooperative League with Mr. Smith as the executive secretary and field representative and myself as the assistant to the executive secretary and editor of the monthly bulletin. The League became the official regional member of the national Cooperative League U.S.A. (Within a year the work grew so rapidly that the office was moved three times and now it is about 36' by 24'.

Backing this pioneer movement for social and economic change are some of the South's leading social scientists including Dr. Howard W. Odum, Director of the Institute for Research in Social Science, University of North Carolina, and Dr. Lee M. Brooks, professor of sociology of the same university. Dr. Brooks, is president of the League; Dr. Odum, a member of the Advisory Committee. Edward Yeomans, Jr., assistant professor of education at West Georgia College is secretary-treasurer and has taken an outstanding part in the work of the movement.

The League set itself up as the clearing house and headquarters for information, promotion, and organization of cooperatives in the eleven southeastern states. Carrollton, Ga., was chosen for the League office for several reasons: Mr. Yeoman's extension work with West Georgia College tied in closely with League objectives; the League and West Georgia College, together with several county, state and federal agencies, has set up the Carroll County Cooperative Project, as a demonstration of a variety of cooperative activities appropriate for the average Southern rural community.

Already the League is in touch with more than 100 buying cooperatives scattered throughout the eleven southeastern states. A group of active cooperatives in and around Richmond, Virginia, comprise an important spearhead of southern cooperative development.

An outline of the basic principles of consumer cooperation and an illustration or two showing how they work out in actual practice is probably appropriate at this point:

Stated briefly, the foundation stones of the Movement are:

1. Open membership
2. One member, one vote
3. Limited interest on capital
4. Distribution of earnings on patronage
5. Cash trading at market price
6. Neutrality in religion and politics
7. Constant education

8. Continuous expansion

These Rochdale principles of consumer cooperation incorporate the principles of universality and democratic control; respect for men above money; service not profit as the impelling motive of business; a sound belief in education as the basis of democracy; and the equality and freedom that grow out of the joint ownership of property and mutual respect for the rights of individual beliefs in regard to politics and religion.

Many different kinds of goods and services are handled in many different kinds of cooperatives. There are medical co-ops, book co-ops, campus co-ops, housing co-ops, recreation co-ops, insurance co-ops, cooperative filling stations, grocery stores, buying clubs, savings and loan associations, fertilizer plants, potato curing houses, hammer mills, and dozens of other varieties. But the operating principles are always the same—that is, if it is a true co-op. And of course there are many which parade under the name cooperative and disregard one or more fundamental Rochdale principles.

Briefly these Rochdale principles work out something like this: Take for example a typical small community. The price of food is high. Many cannot afford to buy the essentials. Someone in the neighborhood has heard a school professor talk about cooperatives. He calls into his home some evening a dozen neighbors and together they study literature about cooperative buying clubs—perhaps they meet once a week for several weeks. They get the professor to come over and tell them how to begin. They begin very simply; they just pool orders on soap, canned goods, and a few other items where buying in case lots is much cheaper than buying in smaller lots. They buy cases at the local wholesale or send for Co-op Label goods if freight rates do not prohibit. When the order arrives they meet again, each picks out his own individual order and they have another study-and-discussion session on cooperatives. Other neighbors hear of the plan and join in. The volume of business and interest grows and they gain experience in cooperative management before the amounts and risks are large. Soon, however the wholesale orders overflow the leader's back porch shelves and they are ready to open a small store.

The big new chain store in the community has given a small independent home grocer some tough sledding and on top of that the grocer's customers are so in debt to him that he is having it doubly hard. So the buying club group offers to buy the independent grocer's store and to hire him as their manager. He agrees. (In one specific case similar to this general illustration, the grocer said after two or three years under the new plan that he wouldn't go back to the other way for anything because under the co-op plan his income by salary from the co-op is steadier, surer, and higher, and he likes having his customers feel it is really their store.) To buy the store, each member puts up as many \$10 shares (up to the limit of 25) as he can. Yet, no matter how many shares he has he still has just one vote. Members elect a board of directors and vote on all policies governing the store. The directors hire the manager. The manager keeps account of each member's purchases. Prices are the same as elsewhere. No credit is allowed. (A cooperative credit union organized separately among the same members takes care of the credit needs.) At the end of the month after all the bills and the manager's salary have been paid, the surplus is divided thus: interest on shares is paid at the "going rate" (this year about 3%); a reserve fund and an educational fund are set aside; the rest usually goes back to the customer-owners—to each in proportion to the amount he spent in the

store. Members may, however, vote to do anything they wish with this money. Sometimes they use it to build a community recreation pavilion, to secure a community nurse or clinic or whatever is needed. Often they put at least part of the surplus back into stock to strengthen the co-op, especially during periods of economic crisis.

Membership in the store is open to everyone—regardless of race, creed, or political belief. No one is too poor to join, for a non-member may receive patronage dividends if he will let them accumulate in his account until they amount to a share. Members and non-members alike trade at the store and pay the same prices, but only members can vote on policies.

Most Agnes Scott alumnae come from families where a few dollars rebate on the monthly grocery bill would not loom very important. And they aren't important in themselves—for the savings to each individual are as nothing compared to the tremendous social, ethical, moral and religious implications of the Movement. The Movement in effect applies many of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount to everyday business affairs. Its wide implications tend to dull the causes of strife, greed, poverty, and war. They are only hinted at in this paper but are adequately treated in several 5 and 10 cent pamphlets available at the Carrollton office.

But all these higher ideals and larger potentialities of the Cooperative Movement will not and cannot be realized until hundreds more intelligent persons, like Agnes Scott alumnae, begin to acquaint themselves with the Movement and to join the co-ops in their communities or help start new ones. The Movement depends for its life and growth on busy people with other jobs who will go to a few night meetings to help with neighborhood co-ops.

Consumer cooperatives as a way toward a saner world order have been officially endorsed by the National Education Association, the Federal Council of Churches, the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, the Central Council of American Rabbis, the American Federation of Labor, the Congress of Industrial Organization, the Grange, the Farm Bureau Federation, and the National Farmers Union.

One of the most widely developed varieties of consumer cooperatives in the South is the credit union—a cooperative savings and loan association operating on the same Rochdale principles. A philanthropist, interested especially

in credit unions, gave the organization of these co-ops a head start over others in this country. There are 10,000 of them in the United States. Now the philanthropist's fund is exhausted and the credit unions support their own state and national headquarters for education and promotion. Because the Florida Credit Union League seemed to need my particular training more just now than did the League at Carrollton, I have recently transferred to Jacksonville, Fla., to accept the position of Managing Director of the state credit union league. There are nearly 200 credit unions in Florida. My job is to assist them in rendering best possible services to their members and to organize as many new credit unions as time allows. The estimated need is for about 2,000 credit unions in the State. But the story of credit unions is another whole story by itself. It will have to wait for another time—or rather, you may read part of it for yourself in the Readers' Digest of May, 1942, under the title, "Three Million Amateur Bankers."

At any rate I prefer to close this paper now with a few further excerpts from Vice President Wallace's recent address on "A Price for Victory", which bear directly on the problem before the Cooperative Movement in the South and throughout the world:

"Yes, and when the time of peace comes, the citizen will again have a duty, the supreme duty of sacrificing the lesser interest for the greater interest of the general welfare . . . There can be no privileged peoples . . . And we cannot perpetuate economic warfare without planting the seeds of military warfare. We must use our power at the peace table to build an economic peace that is just, charitable and enduring . . . International cartels that serve American greed and the German will to power must go . . . With international monopoly pools under control it will be possible for inventions to serve all the people instead of only the few . . .

"Some have spoken of the 'American Century'. I say that the century on which we are entering—the century which will come of this war—can be and must be the century of the common man. Perhaps it will be America's opportunity to suggest the freedoms and duties by which the common man must live. Everywhere the common man must learn to build his own industries with his own hands in a practical fashion. The methods of the nineteenth century will not work in the people's century which is now about to begin."

DEAN NANETTE HOPKINS

(In Memoriam—Dec. 24, 1860 - Oct. 29, 1938)

Juliet (Cox) Coleman, Class Poet, 1903

Thrice happy those whose mem'ries hold in store

A treasure neither moth nor rust impaid,

A spirit-treasure of the richest ore

From hers—the golden hearted soul of prayer—

Whose royal faith girds ours these crises-days,

Whose radiant hope will light us to the end,

Whose love, remembered, fills our hearts with praise

That God should give to us so dear a friend—

For such a one to keep her memory green,

We would through coming years her torch lift high,

As beacon to the House—Beyond—Unseen—

That stands, eternal, in Heaven's sun-lit sky—

So, with true reverence, may we raise such spires,

To kindle faith—her faith—in holy fires.

"Come, Some Music! Come, the Recorders!"

By RAEMOND (WILSON) CRAIG, '30

One day several years ago as I was walking through the gardens of the Huntington Library, I heard the sounds of plaintive and bewitching music. It was unlike any music I had ever heard before, a little like a flute, but sweeter and less shrill. Following the sounds, I came upon three players sitting on a marble bench under a rose arbor. There was a music-book open on a wooden bench before them, and each player held to his lips a wooden pipe. The pipes were similar in design but each was a different size; and as the players blew upon them, there came forth the close, strange harmony of an enchanting melody. The players I recognized as visiting readers at the Library. When their music stopped, I spoke and asked them about the pipes and the enchanting little tune. The tune, they said, was Thomas Morley's music for Shakespeare's "It Was a Lover and His Lass," and the pipes were recorders, instruments popular in England even before Shakespeare's time.

In this delightful way was I first introduced to the recorder, which has since become my favorite hobby. It was many months after I heard the strains of the plaintive little tune floating through the Huntington rose arbor before I actually owned a recorder and learned to play it. But from that day my interest in it grew and I set about finding out its history.

The recorder is a member of the fipple or end-blown flute family, to which the flageolet and common pennywhistle also belong. It is often called the English flute to distinguish it from the German or cross-blown flute. The recorder was apparently of English origin, though the details of its early history are still obscure. The earliest English illustration of the recorder is found in a twelfth-century Psalter now in the University Library, Glasgow. Other illustrations appear in the Ormesby Psalter in the Bodleian Library and among the choir-stall carvings in Chichester Cathedral, both of the thirteenth century. In the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries its peculiar name, "recorder," appears. This was probably taken from the similarity of its sound to the low warbling of a bird, called "recording." But as the idea underlying the word is that of repeating or recalling, it may refer to the facility with which this pipe repeats in an upper octave the notes of the lower.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries recorders were made in various sizes, as many as six or eight. Musical gentlefolk kept sets or "consorts" of recorders for use by their household musicians. Henry VIII, who himself played the recorder, left at his death seventy-five recorders

made of boxwood, walnut, and ivory. One especially fine set is thus described:

Item. a case couvred with crimson vellat havinge locke and all other garnishments to the same of Silver gilte with viii Recorders of Ivorie in the same case, the two bases garnished with silver and guilte.



Rae and Hardin Craig

At the funeral of Queen Elizabeth seven recorder players were allowed mourning, five of them Venetians, one a Frenchman, and the other an Englishman.

In English literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the recorder is frequently mentioned. The most famous example is found in the dialogue between Hamlet and Guildenstern:

Hamlet. O! the recorders: let me see one . . .

Will you play upon this pipe?

Guildenstern. My lord, I cannot.

Hamlet. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music . . .

And Pepys found the recorder so pleasing an instrument that he engaged Thomas Greeting, a well-known Restoration musician, to teach his wife to play duets with him. In his *Diary* for April 8, 1668, he writes:

. . . and thence I to Drubley's and there did talk a great deal about pipes; and did buy a recorder, which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me.

A further entry tells us how, when at home, he applied himself "to the fingering of my Recorder, and getting of the Scale of Musique without Book," a process which he considered troublesome but necessary.

Although the recorder was widely used in ensemble playing in the sixteenth century, there was little music written exclusively for it until after the middle of the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century it found a recognized place in the orchestra and Bach and Handel used it freely. Both the second and fourth Brandenburg Concertos use the recorder. There is, moreover, a considerable literature for the recorder itself including four sonatas by Handel and six by Purcell. Mozart and Gluck had a place for it in their works.

(Continued on Page 25)

"RED CLAY TO MOLD": A REVIEW

BY EMMA POPE (MOSS) DIECKMANN, '13

Between warm red covers that are as satisfying to the eye as the red soil of Georgia to the Georgia born, Virginia Newton has published her first book, a book of poems entitled "*Red Clay to Mould*". The title suggests the pattern and the pervading theme of the book "Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand . . .", and with her clay the experiences of her own life, Virginia has turned from her wheel a beautiful and sensitive volume that all who love poetry will enjoy.

Virginia graduated from Agnes Scott in 1919 with a major in history, but with a great appreciation of her work in English, so it was no surprise to those who knew her to hear, in 1924, that she had won her M.A. degree at Columbia University in English. Since that time she has grown steadily in her work, having taught English for eight years in Alabama College, and for four years in Belhaven College in Mississippi. She has done additional graduate work at the University of Georgia, the University of California, the State University of Iowa, and the Bread Loaf School of English in Vermont. Now she comes home to gather together for us her impressions of her life in Georgia, and to give beautiful expression to many thoughts and feelings that all who know and love Georgia will respond to immediately, and all readers everywhere will appreciate. The appeal of Virginia's poetry is so human and so tender, and so closely touches the common experiences of all readers that it transcends any bounds of locality. Although it does not appear first in the book, "*The Georgia Road*" is a good introduction:

The Georgia road winds through the green
From blue ridge to the sea,
From purple mountains piercing mist
To peaks that mightily
Break far upon our southern sand,
And thunder kinship there
With seas and lands that rise and fall,
Obedient everywhere.

And Georgia's green stirs in the wind
From blue ridge to the sea,
From laurel on the mountain slope
To pines that loftily
Gaze deep into our southern skies,
And whisper kinship there
With all deep-rooted growing things
Aspiring everywhere.

Some readers may wonder whether too much has been said of Virginia's native city of Athens in the book, but a second glance at the poems that mention that fine old town will quiet the thought.

"Where is Athens?" you ask. And I answer,
"In the rolling red hill lands of Georgia
She lifts toward the bountiful heavens
What of beauty through years she has mastered."

And as the poem goes on to suggest the far corners of the earth where the children of Athens have gone in their work, we find

To make a fair blueprint of Athens
Is task for the Master Surveyor.
My lines only trace very simply
Some of the truths I have seen here.

Is not this something that all of us, no matter where our

Athens, can claim as a part of our own feeling? And so it is with all the poems. They are so closely drawn from the love of familiar things and the experiences of such daily life as many lead that they call forth a warm response from all who love the beautiful expression that a poet can give to one's own feelings.

The material of the book is varied, as are the verse forms. Lines from the poem that lends its title to the book say

Everywhere is color—in the flow
Of Indian copper where Oconee cuts
Her pathway, willow-bound, through ruddy hills,
And in the flash of white embowered in green
When dogwood breaks gray winter's tyranny
Amid a clump of pines, or in the fields
The leafy cotton lifts fresh blooms or bolls
Or cool magnolia boughs in summer's warmth
Thrust ivory blossoms through the smooth thick green
Where sunshine plays on glistening surfaces.

"Everywhere is color"—now the happy, now the sad, experience of childhood, and of the older reflective age, the sobering touch where needed, and the flash of happier mood. Variety, both of imagery and of feeling, to which appropriate verse form gives expression makes the volume one that is interesting in character.

If you, dear reader, happened to be a Georgia child, were you not told that the puffing train engines said "Black and dusty, going to 'Gusty'?" Then you will like "*On the Way*":

"Black and dusty, going to 'Gusty'"
Children used to play.
The tracks had spanned the wilderness
Long before their day.
Horse-cars, wreck in pitchy dark
Had passed in history
Before they boarded their rope swing
Hung from the shady tree.
But never were train passengers
More airy and more gay
Than youngsters flying with the breeze
On their singing way.

Of poems that are more serious in mood this is typical:

"Listen! The Wind"
Some souls flash past, I think,
On strong, unearthly wings,
So far above our common ground
Their swift flight sings.
Bearing a load of crushing weight,
Steady and poised and free,
They soar above the treacherous storms
That haunt their heavenly sea.
Oh, beautiful the wings wide-spread,
The passage swift and high,
Flashes of eternity
Passing in our sky!

"Red Clay to Mould", in Virginia Newton's hands, becomes a beautiful and varied presentation that represents a fine appreciation of life and of its expression. May the sale of the volume carry it into the lives of many readers.

(*Red Clay to Mould*, by Virginia Newton. Published by McGregor Press. Price \$2.00.)



— IN THE SERVICE —



Lieut. Mildred McFall, ex-'24, of Atlanta, has the distinction of being the first person in the Sixth Naval District to receive a Waves commission, and is now head of the Office of Naval Officer Procurement, which was set up in Atlanta September 10. Lieutenant McFall attended Agnes Scott for one year, graduated at the University of Texas, got her Masters at Columbia, and studied French at the Sorbonne and at the University of Bescancon. She has been professor of French and Spanish at North Fulton High School in Atlanta for the last several years.

Lieut. McFall's particular task at the moment is judging the hundreds of applications received by the Officer Procurement office, and deciding which should be interviewed as possible petty officers. The ranks of officer candidates have already been filled.

Catherine (Happoldt) Jepson, '33, and *Martha Eskridge*, '33, both members of the same class and both employed in personnel work in retail stores, were inducted into the WAACS on the same day.

"Happy" (Happoldt) Jepson finished Agnes Scott with a major in physics and worked at Retail Credit in Atlanta for one year before enrolling at Prince School of Retailing in Boston, Mass. After getting her M.S. there, she worked in New York City and Newark before returning to Atlanta to become head of training non-selling groups in Rich's, Atlanta's largest department store. Successfully combining a career with matrimony, she continued her work even after marrying Jimmy Jepson, who had been a popular male "member" of Blackfriars at Agnes Scott. Jimmy joined the Canadian Air Corps at the beginning of the war and was reported lost in action in 1941. Happy is determined to do her part in finishing the job before us. She is now First Officer Jepson, a wearer of one of the first gold bars given out at the Fort Des Moines training school.

We quote from a recent letter: "Now that exams are over and we have our beautiful gold bars, I can relax for a second and tell you something about it. . . Our program has been most strenuous and Colonel Faith tells us it will be more so as we go

on, though we hardly see how this is possible. In spite of the hard work, it has been one of the most exciting two months in my life. The place is filled with interesting girls. In our one company alone we have several prominent lawyers, one president of the Bar Association, Women's Division, in Washington, D. C., General Marshall's niece, General McArthur's cousin, and quite a few prominent business women. Those of us who graduated last week (September 14) have temporary assignments here for a couple of weeks so that we may get further training. We work half day and go to classes the other half. I am assigned as adjutant for the academic battalion. It's a nice job with much honor attached, but I believe I would rather be out on the drill field with troops as a company commander! Mrs. Hobby comes out almost every other week. She has talked to our company on several occasions and we think she is simply grand. I know there are some outsiders who feel she has been tied too closely to political set-up, but she really does a good job on this. All the girls feel that above all else everything here is fair and without political influence."

Martha Eskridge also attended the Prince School, spent a year at Lord and Taylor's in New York, was personnel manager for Ivy's in Charlotte for several years, and recently moved back to Shelby, N. C., to make her home with her mother. Martha went up to Des Moines with the only other

North Carolina candidate accepted at that time.

Six Agnes Scott girls were among the Georgia group of 31 which was accepted for the WAVES in October.

Eugenia Bridges, '40; *Lulu Croft*, ex-'38; *Lil Croft*, ex-'38; *Eloise Estes*, '38, *Mary McQuown*, '42, (all of Decatur), and *Sybil Grant*, '34, of Atlanta, left October 6 for training at Smith College.

A recent letter from Eugenia to the alumnae secretary is quoted in part:

"Life in the Navy is exciting, interesting, stimulating! It really keeps one constantly alert and wide awake! To show you what I mean, this is a rough idea of our daily schedule:

Reveille	0635 (6:35 a. m.)
Breakfast	0715
Study	0800-0935
Classes	0940-1255
Lunch	1300
Drill and	
Athletics	1410-1610
Class	1615-1700
Dinner	1800
Study	2050-2155
Lights out	2200

"At the end of a day like this the double decker bed looks like heaven to us at 2200 (10:00 p. m. to you landlubbers!). . . My roommates are from different sections of the country, and it has been quite interesting to discuss our various differences in speech, clothes, and customs. One girl hails from Montana, one from Massachusetts and one from Tennessee. There are 900 girls here studying, each hoping to rise above the status "Apprentice Seaman" to "Midshipman." Within four weeks we must become thoroughly "indoctrinated," and at the present time I am trying to learn as much as possible about naval history, organization of the Navy, personnel of the Navy, types of ships and aircraft, and naval strategy, as well as naval customs, regulations and traditions. This is also a communications school; and if we are good enough these first four weeks, we are made midshipmen and begin our communications work here. This promises to be fascinating. This course will last three months, after which time all who deserve commissions will become Ensigns, United States Naval Reserve. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? . . . I



Eugenia Bridges

know all women are interested in clothes, so I just have to describe our uniforms. They are very tailored, beautifully cut blue serge. When we become officers we may wear the gold buttons as well as the insignia of our rank. We really get a thrill out of our navy shirt, black tie, skirt, blouse, topcoat and hat. With these we wear navy regulation beige cotton lisle hose and plain black oxfords.

"However, such things as uniforms become relatively unimportant to us when we seriously consider our reason for being here. More and more we are impressed with the vital need for trained personnel in the Navy, and we feel it our duty to do our best while in training at this school. . . Within a week's time each of us seems to have acquired the 'Navy spirit,' and it is sometimes hard to remember when we were not part of the Women's Reserve. It is important that we do our work well as apprentice seamen, midshipmen, and commissioned officers while we are part of the Women's Reserve, but it is also very important that each of you does all you can in the various activities concerned with our defense efforts. We must work together in America, and the women are just as important as the men if we are to be victorious. Make your aim the same as that of each of us and the United States Navy—'. . . to uphold national policies and interests and to guard the United States and its continental and overseas possessions.' You do your part wherever you are, and we in the Women's Reserve will do ours to the best of our ability."

Eugenia was a very active member of Blackfriars while at Agnes Scott and taught dramatics at the University Evening School between graduation and enlistment in the Navy. She has frequently taken part in the Agnes Scott College radio programs.

Mary McQuown majored in history and economics while at Agnes Scott.

Sybil Grant was a Latin major and a Phi Beta Kappa. She has taught in the Atlanta schools since her graduation in 1934. The Croft twins did not finish at Agnes Scott, but were honor students the two years they were here. They are the daughters of Anne (Morrow) Croft, 1905 from Institute. Lil has been working in Washington as a statistician; Lulu has been in the auditing department of Southern Bell.

Helen Respass, '30, joined the Army Nurses Corps the first of July and was appointed assistant to the superintendent of nurses in the Seventh Service Command, Omaha, Nebraska. For six weeks in July and August Helen

was at Camp Crowder, Missouri, observing and learning the so-called "paper work." In September she spent another six weeks at Fort Riley, Kansas, doing the same thing. Helen expects to go overseas with the Corps sometime during the winter.

Essie (Roberts) Dupre, '14, chairman of the placement department of the Atlanta Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, is adding more medals to her string with her splendid work in this office. Eight months previous to the opening of the Atlanta office Essie began making plans for the placement department. Consequently when the office was opened in the spring of 1942, the placement department was operating so efficiently that it did all the staffing for the new Control Center, and to it goes much of the credit for the successful operation of the ACDVO.



Essie (Roberts) Dupre, right, with a canteen worker in World War I.

People don't always inherit such ability, and to her natural inheritance Essie has added much in training and experience. Graduated from Agnes Scott with a B.A., and from Columbia University with a Masters in social economy, she started her career as a canteen worker during the last war, when she joined up and went overseas with one of the first groups to leave America. On her return to the United States she became head of the personnel and placement work for the Junior Employment Service, which later became the Community Employment Service, with Essie as a director. She was a charter member of the Junior League and worked especially hard on

a volunteer institute which the League presented to Atlanta to stimulate interest in volunteer participation by the community. Essie instituted the first works program in the state as director of personnel and placement for the Fulton County F. E. R. A., which later became the WPA.

Essie's more personal hobbies include her garden, which is always a beauty spot, and her two children, Anne and Walter, Jr. Her interest in garden work made her first chairman of the Garden Club of Georgia pilgrimage, a post which she held for a number of years.

During the month of September the placement bureau referred 552 women to new positions of volunteer work. Among the agencies served by this office are the Red Cross Motor Corps, Red Cross Production, Nurses Aides, Bonds and Stamps Booths; Control Center, clerks, stenographers and typists, the ration boards, C. D. V. O. placement, C. D. V. O. staff, consumers' problems instructors for O. P. A., CDV photography, firewatchers, the USO, WPA nursery schools, Girl Scout leaders, public health center, Atlanta Tuberculosis Association, Fulton County Public Health Department, the County Fair booth, Y. W. C. A. leaders and instructors, Good Samaritan Clinic, and Travelers' Aid hostesses.

Hilda (McConnell) Adams, '23, supervises the staff of 50 volunteers in the placement bureau. Hilda specialized in psychology and vocational guidance. She has taught in the Atlanta public schools for the past five years, where she specialized in psychological testing. Hilda has a 10-year-old daughter who is in school in Atlanta; and in addition to her duties at the Defense Office and her home responsibilities, manages to get in a bit of her favorite sport—golf! Hilda is life president of her class, and a former president of the Alumnae Association.

One of the day supervisors serving under Essie and Hilda is Edythe (Coleman) Paris, '26, who was May Queen at Agnes Scott her senior year. Edythe is quite active in Scout work, and has served as the very capable chairman of the Atlanta Flower Show. She has two children, and they and her garden constitute her main hobbies.

Also assisting at the Placement Office are Julia (Thompson) Smith, '32, and Louisa (White) Gosnell, '27.

Jeanne Flynt, '39, of Decatur, Georgia, is one of the twenty-six women to attend the first Link In-

(Continued on Page 10)

From A Tower Window

Dr. Davidson Heads Vanderbilt Graduate School

Hundreds of alumnae will be interested in knowing that Dr. Philip Davidson, popular head of Agnes Scott's history department, was called to Vanderbilt University to be head of the graduate school in September. Dr. Davidson came to Agnes Scott in 1928. He is a native of Nebraska but received his Bachelors from the University of Mississippi, his Masters and Doctors from the University of Chicago.

His first book, *Propaganda and the American Revolution*, was published in the spring of 1941. He has recently finished a section of a history text being compiled by eight southern authors for use in teaching American history in the high schools. In addition to his work as professor of history, Dr. Davidson served as executive secretary of the University Center Council, as chairman of the Committee on Advanced Standing at Agnes Scott, and as a member of the Committee on Public Lectures.

Outside interests include a strong love of tennis and a very keen enthusiasm in his young son's current hobby, model airplane building. Dr. Davidson was made a director of the National Academy of Model Aeronautics last spring.

The Davidsons are receiving a very warm welcome in Nashville, but they are very much missed at Agnes Scott. Page Davidson is now a sophomore at Vanderbilt, after completing her freshman year at William and Mary. Philip, III, is in high school.

Major Robinson on Faculty at West Point

Major Henry Robinson, who was on leave of absence last year to head the Fort MacPherson Induction Center for the Fourth Corps Area, is now stationed at West Point Military Academy, where he is teaching his beloved subject, mathematics. Major Robinson was transferred from Fort MacPherson last summer, and spent several weeks in Texas and in Washington, D. C., before being assigned to West Point. His family were unable to join him there in September because of housing difficulties, but are planning to move to West Point in December. Ann Robinson is a senior at North Avenue Presbyterian School this year, and Henry, Jr., is in high school.

New Staff Members Increase College Community

Three additions to the library staff include: Miss Carolyn Black, of Dalton, Georgia, who received her B.S. at G. S. C. W., and her B.L.S. at the University of North Carolina; Miss Lucy Cline, of Oxford, Georgia, who received her B.A. at Wesleyan and her B.L.S. at Emory University; and Miss Emily Phillips, of Tallahassee, Fla., who attended F. S. C. W. and received her B.L.S. at Emory.

Miss Ann Gellerstedt, '42, of Atlanta, is assisting in the English department. Miss Alta Webster, '42, of Homestead, Fla., is an assistant in physical education. Miss Clare Purcell, '42, of Charlotte, N. C., is in charge of the bookstore. Miss Jane Stillwell, '42, of Decatur, is a fellow in biology.

Dr. Harvey Young, of the Emory University history department, is teaching several classes in history on the Agnes Scott campus this year. Dr. Lloyd C. Alkema, of the Emory economics department, is teaching a class in statistics.

Miss Jewell Blount, who received her training at the Georgia Baptist Hospital, is on the Infirmary staff. Mrs. Fred Bacon, who was an assistant in the dining room during the spring of last year, is now assistant to the supervisor of dormitories.

Schedule Changed to Meet Demands of War

Two important changes in schedule were announced recently on campus. To cooperate with the government request that railway traffic be cut down as much as possible, the college will have no Founder's Day or spring holidays. An additional week will be added to Christmas vacation, enabling us to leave by December 16 at the latest, and to return on January 13. To stagger the hours of departure as much as possible, students will be allowed to leave as soon as they finish their last exam, instead of remaining for two days of the winter quarter as has been the custom. It is hoped that this action on the part of all colleges will relieve Christmas congestion and avoid coincidence with furloughs.

Beginning November 2 all classes will start one-half hour later, and corresponding changes will be made in meal times, chapel and the hours for the library, the book store, the treasurer's office and the doctor's office. With winter conditions what they are, most of the day students leave



home before daybreak to meet their 8:30 classes, and this is not thought advisable by the college authorities. With the first class starting at nine, this problem will be relieved to some extent, and some difference may be felt in the Atlanta traffic problem, as this would mean that the majority of day students would be traveling toward the college after the peak hour in the morning. Emory University is also changing its schedule one half hour, first class starting at 8:30, which means that students will continue to make the Emory schedule thanks to the half hour difference.

New Tea Room Manager Added to Alumnae Staff

Mrs. W. J. Webb, of Carrollton, Georgia, is the new manager of the tea room operated by the Alumnae Association in the Alumnae House. Mrs. Webb has owned and operated her own tea room in Carrollton, giving it up only because of her husband's ill health three years ago. After his death she accepted a position as NYA hostess at West Georgia College in Carrollton, where she was very popular with students and faculty. She comes to us directly from West Georgia College and is already making many friends for herself on the campus. She has two sons in the service, one in Panama and one in training in Alabama. Her only daughter is married and living in Dalton, Georgia.

Alumna Wins Signal Honor in Washington

Patricia Collins, '28, is now legal assistant to the Attorney General of the United States. Pat went to Washington with the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice, was later transferred to the Lands Division, then became assistant to the chief of the Department of International Law in the Neutrality Unit, and on May 1 was appointed to her new post as one of the Attorney General's two

assistants. When there's legal work to be done by the Attorney General, it's Pat who gets the call. She was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court in 1939 and has since consistently gained brilliance as a luminary among New Deal legal lights.

Pat received her degree in law from Emory University in 1931.

Plans for Organizing Alumnae Hockey Club Get Under Way

In cooperation with the United States Field Hockey Association, the Agnes Scott Athletic Association is making every effort possible to further the National Physical Fitness program advocated by the Association. In particular, it is attempting to organize a hockey club for alumnae of Agnes Scott in this vicinity, and for alumnae of other college hockey teams who may be interested in participating. Plans for organizing this club were made at a recent meeting of the Athletic Association. Josephine Young, of China, the student hockey manager, is in charge of organization. Jo attended the Hockey Camp at Mt. Pocono, Pa., this summer and has a wealth of good ideas about getting the club under way.

Alumnae who have belonged to the college hockey teams are being written about plans for the club. Any other alumnae who are interested are asked to contact Jo at Agnes Scott. Informal games with student groups will be arranged. Every graduate of every college should make an effort to continue her exercise in order to be able to do her war-time job with greatest efficiency. Any regular exercise will fill this need, but for those who play field hockey, the extra effort involved in planning regular hours for practice is overbalanced by the fun and recreation that comes from the game and the competition and companionship.

"Who's Who" Lists Ten Agnes Scott Girls
Ten Agnes Scott students have their biographies published in the 1942-43 issue of *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*.

This annual index of outstanding students selects its members impartially on the basis of character, scholarship, leadership in extra-curricular activities, and potentiality for future usefulness to business and society. Founded after two years of research had verified the need for one national basis of recognition for students, *Who's Who* has amply proved its worth. When it was first published in 1934 it listed 250 colleges; today it represents over 650 colleges. The publication maintains a free placement service, used by five hundred personnel directors in leading firms, which

has placed thousands of graduates in the past ten years.

Students listed are: Joella Craig, of Walhalla, S. C., house president of Inman; Martha Dale, of Atlanta, editor of the Agnes Scott News; Anne Frierson, of Belton, S. C., president of Athletic Association; Betty Henderson, of Wilmington, N. C., president of Lecture Association; Dorothy Holoran, of Lynchburg, Va., president of Mortar Board; Mardia Hopper, of Atlanta, president of Christian Association; Frances Kaiser, of Atlanta, managing editor of the Agnes Scott News; Ruth Lineback, of Atlanta, editor of the Silhouette; Frances Radford, of Decatur, president of Student Government; and Clara Rountree, of Decatur, vice-president of Student Government.

IN THE SERVICE

(Continued from Page 8)

strument Trainer Instructors School, called "Litis" for short. After graduation on September 15, Jeanne took her place with the others instructing the Naval Air Cadets in the mechanics of flying, without ever getting off the ground. Educational piece de resistance for the training program is the Link trainer, a simulated airplane, which started off twelve years ago as a circus side-show toy and which since has been adopted by the Army and Navy for blind flying instruction. It is considered a safe, fast and economical method of teaching primary instrument work. The trainers cost \$20,000 each and, according to the officials in charge of the school at Gordon Airport, Atlanta, they are the niftiest gadgets for teaching blind flying this country has ever seen. The flyer gets inside, pulls down the hood, has only his instruments and radio to guide him. Consequently he must learn to come in "on the beam."

Jeanne graduated at Agnes Scott in 1939 and earned for herself a reputation as a splendid actress while taking part in Blackfriars production. Her dramatic talent was not limited to the stage, however, for she did a lot of radio work and was in charge of the Children's Story Hour at the Decatur Library for a number of months. Since graduation she has taught in the Decatur schools and was getting her pilot's license in her spare time.

Kathryn Greene, '41, of Atlanta, has the distinction of being one of two women selected to study Advanced Instruction and Research in Mechanics at Brown University this past summer. Kathryn was one of a class of thirty, in a student body consisting princi-

pally of graduate students and industrial research technicians, about half of whom already have their doctorates. This school of mechanics has the double purpose of serving the nation's wartime needs in the special realm of applied mechanics, and of pointing the way to a possible means of solving some of the more difficult engineering problems in industry. It provides a center where men can obtain broad training in the advanced reaches of mathematics applied to engineering, and where they can catch the spirit of research and learn the necessary techniques. The work is carried on under the auspices of the Engineering, Science and Management Defense Training Program of the U. S. Office of Education.

Kathryn was working at the General Development Laboratory, at Fort Monmouth, N. J., when selected to study at Brown. She has resumed her work at the Laboratory now, and in addition teaches two classes daily to Signal Corps specialists. Her evenings she spends experimenting with amplifiers, and one night a week she goes up to New York to study advanced acoustics under Harry Olson at RCA. Kathryn is a math and physics major.

Other Agnes Scotters actively engaged in defense work include: Virginia Collier, '41, of Barnesville, Georgia, who is now stationed at the weather bureau in Columbia, S. C. Virginia was a math major, and her originality and scientific interests are standing her in good stead in this new work.

Darleen Danielson, '42, of Atlanta, also a math major, is employed by the TVA in Chattanooga, and is working with aerial photography maps which are badly needed by the Army and Navy.

Pat Reasoner, '42, Bradenton, Fla., biology and chemistry major, and student lab technician during her four years at Agnes Scott, is working at Wilson Dam. Her work is research into the value of various items in commercial fertilizers as producers of vitamins in the foods we eat.

Virginia (McWhorter) Freeman, '40, of Decatur, is another successfully combining marriage and a career. Virginia took her major in math, and last summer took a course in gauge reading at Georgia Tech. At present she is working at the Saginaw Steering Gear Division of General Motors (the old Chevrolet plant by the Federal Pen), which is under the Birmingham Ordnance Department of the Government. To quote Virginia, she is "making shells, or bundles for Berlin!"




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AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



JANUARY, 1943

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TO OUR READERS

Early this fall in our first plea for your active support of our alumnae program during this war year, we reminded you that our task for the year was to show that the contributions we alumnae make are so vital to the life of the nation as to be worth the survival of a whole system of education. We promised you interpretative material and information about the work being done by your fellow alumnae, all products of a liberal arts college. This issue of the Alumnae Quarterly is particularly dedicated to the furtherance of the liberal ideal.

Our cover design is dedicated to the love for and need of good music which Agnes Scott has fostered in the community with bi-monthly programs, which have prospered this year in spite of difficulties of transportation. Ellen Douglass Leyburn's "Significance of Mortar Board" is a splendid answer to those forces of evil which deny the right of existence to a liberal arts college; it is a challenge in itself, to the students whose particular task is the assimilation of enough culture "to see that the life of the spirit for which we are at war does not perish while we fight for it" and to alumnae who must "use their knowledge of the past and of the great thinkers of the past to frame a new and better order."

The student reaction to such a challenge is reflected in the splendid issue of the Aurora, which has just come off the press and from which we have reprinted a book digest and a short story. Tess Carlos' review of the six books she has chosen, "As I Sit Here," is the answer to an editor's

prayer for a suggested reading list that would merit some allotment of your precious time. Pat Patterson's "Mom" is written from a background of experience received while teaching Bible school in the mountains of North Carolina the past three summers, and shows us very clearly just how much the "life of the spirit" is needed in the backwoods of our own nation. The resurrection of Folio (see page 12) after sixteen years shows that an awakened interest in the contents of a chemistry test tube can't submerge a need for literary creation even in the Freshman Class, and the announcement of lectures by Alfred Noyes and Richard Niebuhr during the spring promise us further inspiration and guidance.

Polly (Stone) Buck's "The Cook Walks Out" will remind most of the 66% of their own reaction to similar situations; we point with pride to the good fight being fought on the home front! The other 33⅓ will glow over the splendid contribution being made by the Class of '42 to the war effort, as indicated in the poll of activities printed on page 9, and the brief but informative sketches of alumnae "In the Service".

To those alumnae who still have time to give to the war effort, the announcement of the course to train volunteer nursery school workers, which begins February 2 at Agnes Scott, will be of special interest (See page 3).

To all those who cherish fond memories of the "sheltering arms," the Founder's Day announcement on the back cover is dedicated!

The Significance of Mortar Board

By ELLEN DOUGLASS LEYBURN, '27

When I was asked to speak to you about the significance of Mortar Board, it seemed to me that the real subject was the significance of the liberal ideal, the very reason for existence of Agnes Scott and of other colleges which share her purposes, the reason for the presence here of every one of us. It behooves us to examine our reason for being in such an institution because our *right* to being is most severely challenged.

The primary object of Hitler's attack is this very world of the mind which we purport to inhabit. The Nazi scheme of conquest is now familiar, for it has proceeded first in Germany itself and then in every country subdued by the Gestapo in the same degraded pattern of book-burning and suppression of printing, of painting, of drama, of teaching, of preaching—and all this not at random, but on principle, on the principle that civilization is effeminate, that brutality is virility: a fitting paradox indeed to serve as the slogan of those armies of unreason who march under Goebbels to say that to become brutish is to become manly, for the attack of Nazism is in effect an attack against the nature of Man, against our humanity, our reason and spirit, all that distinguishes us from the brute. And it is to maintain the dignity and worth of the human being that the liberal college exists. Hitler's attack against us, against all who are committed to the ideal of the freedom of the human mind and spirit, is open and avowed.

We face a more insidious attack from within ourselves. There is not only the danger inherent in a combat with a professed brutishness that we become brutish. There is also the danger that we put off these things to a more convenient season. When the war is won, we say, we can devote our attention to becoming worthy to live in the world we have conquered. At present our duty is to buy bonds, to study First Aid and home nursing, to fold bandages and knit, to gather scrap and conserve rubber—to do things for the War Effort. But I submit to you that our outward effort is meaningless unless it is accompanied by the inner struggle to clarify our purposes, to liberalize our minds and free them from prejudice and confusion and despair of our own convictions. A sentence in a letter I had last summer from a university professor has sounded in my mind all these weeks as a warning, an omen of worse to come. In the pressure of the speeded up summer session he wrote: "I begin seriously to doubt whether the liberal arts have much value educationally at a time when everyone is on edge, too busy to ponder, and intent upon getting on with the war effort." Such discouragement is almost bound to prevail in the men's colleges. If boys of eighteen and nineteen are drafted, it is hard to see how the men's institutions can exist at all except as training centers for soldiers. Since young men of your generation are being denied the chance for study in the liberal arts, it belongs in a peculiar way to you who are now in liberal colleges for women to see that the life of the spirit for which we are at war does not perish while we fight for it.

And so we do well to recall what the liberal arts are: the arts of thinking, the arts that make men free. They beget a capacity of speculation, a critical judgment, a quickened insight, a power in practical affairs to dis-

tinguish means from ends, the use of language and mathematics as the symbols of thought—and basic to all, yet crowning all, the power of self-mastery, the grace to be wrested from the bestial within ourselves, the confidence of men in learning and in reason and in truth. These are the enduring ideas from which our convictions as believers in the life of the spirit spring. Their validity is absolute and enduring because they are big enough to include the special needs of man in any given age. Besides their fundamental effect upon the very nature of their upholders, they have particular manifestations in every period. In our own time these basic conceptions produce, it seems to me, several very specific lines of thought:

First of all, the conviction that the love of freedom, of dignity, of decency, which we covet for ourselves is not to be denied to *any* man. This feeling will have to grow out of a confidence in all men, a willingness to believe that the life of the spirit is possible for all men. If we really believe that the Nazi revolution is a revolt of man against himself, against his higher nature, we are asserting that that self, which is man's true nature, is the opposite of the Nazi ideal of ignorance and violence; and if the self that is the contrary of Nazism is man's true self, it is the truth of Mankind, of all men everywhere. Vice-president Wallace in his epochal speech last May, you remember, analyzed the fight between the free world and the slave world as a march of freedom for the common man based upon the idea of freedom derived from the Bible with its extraordinary emphasis upon the dignity of the individual. "Everywhere the common people are on the march," he said; and he defined the march of freedom for the past 150 years as a "long-drawn out people's revolution." It is hard for us to believe in any effective way that the negro has a right to be trained so that he can assume the responsibility of voting, just as it is hard for the Englishman to believe that the people of India can govern themselves. No one can claim that the way of truth and honor is *easy*. But we make the same mistake the Nazis make if we set ourselves up as having a right to privilege in their stead. Wallace's comment was, "There can be no privileged peoples. We ourselves in the United States are no more a master race than the Nazis." If we are to believe in the right of the common man everywhere to freedom, as in justice and self-respect, we must believe in it, we are bound to define freedom as the freedom of the mind, the freedom to develop the best in human nature, "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God." Roosevelt's four freedoms have validity and worth only as they promote this inner freedom of the human spirit, the freedom to do right. We are by virtue of being here in college set apart among the privileged to grow and to become; and it is only by sharing such privilege that we can justify possessing it. If this freedom to live in dignity and self-respect can be made the freedom of the common man, the People's War will have been worth fighting, and we shall have nothing to fear from Communism or any other form of government.

Indeed the avoidance of this fear of what is strange to us is another attitude of mind which the liberal arts must engender in us for these times, I think. Change is

upon us. We cannot bring back the world as it used to be. If we are to help shape the direction of change, we must accept the *fact* of change and not repine for things as they were. We need to adopt the spirit of the founding fathers who used their knowledge of the past and of the great thinkers of the past to frame a new and better order. They worked well for their time. We can best emulate them by realizing as they did that we have a chance to make a new world. Our problems are harder because our industrial world is more complicated than the open lands they faced, but their spirit in attacking the new thing before them will help us in attacking our newness.

A third control which the liberal arts give our thinking for our time is the safeguard against assuming that giving freedom to all peoples is giving them our particular pattern of living. If the only answer we can give to the question "What is a Good Society?" is *Ours*, we shall be indulging in what Howard Mumford Jones has called Tribal Thinking; and furthermore we shall be making the mistake of 1918 all over again. We were ready enough then to remake the world in our own image; and when it refused to be so remade, we had recourse to cynicism. The tolerance and generosity of mind as well as the willingness to look honestly at truth, which mark the liberal ideal, will teach us that it is neither desirable nor possible to destroy existing cultural patterns. If we manage in our shame for sending scrap to Japan to be of some belated help to the Chinese, we dare not try to impose our particular brand of Good Life on these people who were leading the Good Life when our country was still inhabited by Red Indians, who also, by the way, had their conception of the Good Life. If we are really Men of Good Will, we shall not try arbitrarily to enforce our will.

[Not one of these attitudes is easy. How may we set about acquiring them? First of all, I think, by real confidence in the liberal ideal, the freedom of the mind, and a

confidence that makes us willing to attack its enemies in ignorance and prejudice and bad manners of mind and heart wherever they appear, especially in *ourselves*. Battles of the spirit, like military battles, are won by attack, not by defense.

Second, I think we must submit our minds to the discipline of study so that from science we may learn order and precision of thought and a knowledge of man's environment, from history and the social sciences a knowledge of his behavior, and from the literatures of our own and other languages an insight into his ways of thought and interpretation of his experience.]

Third, I think we need to do reading specifically aimed to help us understand *this* world that confronts us, reading of the thinkers whose works have shaped the world we fight for: Plato, Montesquieu, Burke, the writings of our founding fathers in the Federalist Papers, and the best of the interpretative comment from writers of our own times, books like *The Making of Tomorrow* by Raoul de Roussy de Sales and the thoughtful articles that have been appearing through the summer in many of our periodicals. The sense of responsibility shown by writers in our better magazines seems to me one of the really cheering signs in the battle being waged for the human spirit. The courage and forthrightness and vision with which Archibald MacLeish, for instance, is willing to speak out in article after article should make us very grateful, I think, for such a man as head of the Library of Congress. A thought reading of these expounders of our own tradition of western civilization, and if possible some acquaintance with the background of thought of our Slavic and Oriental allies, is bound to do something for our convictions as free beings.

→ This then, it seems to me, is the liberal ideal; and this our method of approach to it. It is the conception of life to which Mortar Board and Agnes Scott and all of us as believers in Freedom stand committed.

Child Guidance Courses Planned in Atlanta and at Agnes Scott to Train Women for Nursery School Work.

Anticipating the vital need of more nursery schools in Atlanta and its vicinity and the training in child care necessary to women in day nursery work, the War Council of Agnes Scott College and the Civilian Defense Volunteer Offices of Atlanta and DeKalb County have made plans for training courses in child care and guidance.

Conducted by 11 outstanding authorities in the child welfare field, one course will begin January 12 from 10:30 until noon at the assembly room, sixth floor, Georgia Power Company. The basic course of 12 lectures and discussions will be supplemented by 15 hours of field observation and 50 hours of practice. After completing the course, the volunteer will serve at least six hours a week in a day nursery school. Women interested in this training course

are urged to register with the Atlanta Civilian Defense Volunteer Office at Jackson 6264.

Training in child care will start Tuesday, February 2, at 10:30 o'clock at Agnes Scott. The course as outlined by Dr. Emily S. Dexter and Dr. Katharine T. Omwake, professors of psychology at Agnes Scott, will consist of 10 to 12 lectures with discussion groups and field trips. This course is planned to meet the vital need of the times for experienced or trained care for small children. Instructors will be faculty members of Agnes Scott, state leaders in child care work, public agencies and members of the W. D. C. D. Women who wish to take this course are asked to register at the Office of Civilian Defense, 124 Atlanta Ave., Decatur, Crescent 3565. No charge is made for either course and a certificate will be given on completion of the course.

— AS I SIT HERE —

ANASTASIA CARLOS, '44

I have six books on my desk. And I've read them all very carefully. And I'm trying very hard to decide what to say about them. I like books, but probably I wouldn't have read these six books just now if Jean, who is the editor, had not said: "Now Tess, you must write a book column. Nothing ornate, just something that will express what you feel." I feel a lot about the books, but I don't know what to say.

They are very nicely bound—these six books. And I've been arranging them into various neat piles for the last half hour, making up all sorts of combinations. Sometimes I put William Saroyan's *The Beautiful People* on top of Sherwood Anderson's *Memoirs*; and on top of Saroyan, Anna Segher's *The Seventh Cross*, and then W. L. White's *They Were Expendable* and Raoul de Roussy de Sales' *The Making of Tomorrow*. On top I always keep Thomas Wolfe's *The Hills Beyond*.

Sitting here, I wish I knew what that exact phrase is which will describe each book so vividly and so perfectly that there would be no need for you to read them. You and I would have the essence, the reason for each book's existence. And we would be able to talk intelligently about them and confound all our friends with our superior knowledge. But into each book the author has poured something indestructible of himself, his times, his ideas. And this eternal substance which breathes of life cannot be classified into a series of descriptive phrases, nor can it be talked about with any amount of accuracy or truth by an inexperienced critic.

If I were strictly reviewing these books, I would stick to those pat words of the trade: interesting, illuminating, magnificently dull, excitingly revealing. Those are all words, and oh, there are so many of them. But Jean, who is the editor, said, "Write how you feel!" So—I feel the searching sadness of Saroyan, the mountainous loneliness of Wolfe, the penetrating wisdom of Anderson, the rounded complexity of Seghers, the fathomless despair of White, the scholarly exposition of de Sales.

Saroyan's book includes three plays: *The Beautiful People*, *Sweeney in the Trees*, *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning*—all whimsical, fantastic, unusual, the real world mixed with that beyond the rim of our lashes. But regardless of their seeming looseness and incoherence, their peculiar originality, the plays convey emotion and mood. The words do not mean merely what the character is thinking of at the moment. They indicate what he has always been.

Saroyan is of Armenian descent, and his works combine the intricacies of an oriental mind and the sentimentality of the American world. There is no better indication of this than his description of what he is attempting to write: "A play, a dream, a poem, a travesty, a fable, a symphony, a parable, a comedy, a tragedy, a farce, a vaudeville, a song and dance, a statement on money, a report on life, an essay on art and religion, a theatrical entertainment, a circus, anything you like, whatever you please." There is no conflict in his plays except with the world, and this is never obtrusive. Ordinary people turned inside out get together and talk and reveal themselves.

Wolfe's *The Hills Beyond* is a collection of his best short stories. Of all the numerous ones included "The Lost Boy" and "God's Lonely Man" are best. Thomas Wolfe, one of the most unusual American writers of the

early thirties, tells conventionally patterned stories with a personal intrusion that has made most readers consider his works autobiographical. "But I know that at the end, forever at the end for us—the houseless, homeless, doorless, driven wanderers of life, the lonely men—there waits forever the dark visage of our comrade, Loneliness."

His is a vivid, sweeping wordage that captures the interest by its sheer conglomeration of color. "Beauty comes and passes, is lost the moment that we touch it, can no more be stayed or held than one can stay the flowing of a river. Out of this pain of loss, this bitter ecstasy of brief having, this fatal glory of the single moment, the tragic writer will therefore make a song for joy. That, at least, he may keep and treasure always. And his song is full of grief, because he knows that joy is fleeting, gone the instant that we have it, and that is why it is so precious, gaining its full glory from the very things that limit and destroy it."

Sherwood Anderson's *Memoirs* tell of his life and world . . . the storminess, the indecision, the callousness. Here is what has not been revealed in his *Winesburg, Ohio* and *Dark Laughter* about himself. He like Wolfe has used what he intimately has experienced and known. "There is a kind of persistent youth in some men and I am one of that sort. I rebound quickly from disaster, laugh a good deal, make rather quick and easy connections with others."

The years of childhood, of adolescence, of later life are described as he remembers. There is no attempt to tell all. This is a story teller who just stopped by for a moment to chat, who rambles through memory picking up stray fragments of experience, and who soon goes leaving behind the feeling that more might have been said if he had not been called away.

In *The Seventh Cross* Anna Seghers, a refugee German writer, tells the story of the escaped concentration camp inmate, George Heisler, for whom the seventh cross of torture was set up in the yard of the dread Westofen Camp. His path of escape was like a deep pool into which a stone has been thrown—the widening arcs plied outward touching many so that "all of us felt how ruthlessly and fearfully outward powers could strike to the very core of men, but at the same time we felt that at the very core there was something that was unassailable and inviolable." He touched the lives of many people, and in the end it was chance that won him a victory.

W. L. White is an American correspondent noted for his crispness of thought and detail. And in *They Were Expendable* he recounts the story of the tragic Torpedo Boat Squadron and of the young men who fought on Bataan and returned home. "And through those plump cities the sad young men back from battle wander as strangers in a strange land, talking a grim language of realism which the smug citizenry doesn't understand, trying to tell of a tragedy which few enjoy hearing."

This book is a revealing study of men under danger as told by the men themselves after the danger has ended. The simplicity of language and the lack of superfluity in the style greatly add to the effect created. It will appeal to all those who are interested in what has been happening externally in this second World War and emotionally the crises faced by the participants.

(Continued on Page 8)

M O M

PAT PATTERSON, '43

I walked over the badly broken porch floor of the blackened one room school-house at Boggs to where Mrs. Roark stood. I was surprised when the little old woman turned her back and sat down on the edge of the porch, but then Julie come quietly over to me and I greeted her, hoping to learn why her mother did not want to speak.

"Mom's sorta tore up rite now, Miz Kathryn," drawled Julie with her slow, wide grin. "Preacher jist axed her how wuz Roger, an' she seem like she cain't talk 'bout him yit, 'thouten tears rise up frum way down inside. I reckon we all feels bad-like, but she cain't hardly bear it."

"But, Julie," I questioned, "what about Roger? Preacher Stone told me he was in the army now, but is anything wrong?"

"No'am, but you know how Roger's alluz been—kinda wild an' not very respectin' of how he orta do. Mom's afeared he'll lose his neck a-gamblin' er carousin' down yander. If 't'were Jess, now, Mom would grieve fer him leavin,' but she wouldn't have no worry 'bout how he'd act. But with Roger hit's differnt. Why, Miz Kathryn, the day he got the notice frum the board in town to go to thet Fort Bragg with the rest of the Ashe Boys, Mom flung a fit o' anger an' all day she ranted, 'bout how 't'wern't rite to take the boys thet needed to be home a'plowin,' an' send 'em way off ter git shot somewher."

"An' then she tuk to bawlin' an' said he weren't goin' atall. Roger jist laughed an' said he reckoned hit couldn't be holped noways, an' then she tuk up a sulky way 'bout how he didn't have no love fer home ter be a-talkin' thet-a-way. Law, Miz Kathryn, it uz awful."

We jumped up and perched on the top rail of the sturdy criss-cross fence beside the school house, and Julie went on. Her mother still sat, stooped and wretched, on the porch floor, her short legs dangling toward the ground, her back turned to us.

"An' then thet nite in bed Mom jist near 'bout cried her eyes all out, an' talked till I went to sleep with her still a-talkin' on. Next day she weren't fitten to do no work hardly, so I stayed from school to cook fer Pa an' Jess an' Roger an' keer for the bees."

I frowned but said nothing. Julie never took her schooling seriously—the slightest excuse could keep her home. She took no notice of my frown but went on after a moment.

"The nite afore Roger'd said he'd be obliged to leave, they wuz a big Baptist meetin' up ter the school house. At breakfast Jess said, "Roge, how 'bout going' ter meetin' tonite," an' Roger laughed an' said, "My last nite ter home? Don't be a fool, Jess—I'm a-goin' the rounds to-night. Tish an' me is ridin' ter Glendale in the pick-up, an' then after I brings her home, Potts an' me is celebratin'. You kin go to the ole fool meetin'—I'm not a-squanderin' my time."

"Jess didn't say no more—jist looked awful cast-down. Mom wuz in the kitchen an' didn't hear, an' I didn't say nothin' then 'counta Pa bein' ther. But after we'uz done eatin' I followed Roger outside."

"Yer ain't a-takin' Tish ter no dancin', ner fast doin's, air ye, Roge? An' he jist looked at me straight an' flung his red hair back with his han' an' said, 'I said we'uz cele-

bratin'. I don't see no call fer tellin' ever-body where ner how—not even you, Julie,' an' then he smiled and hit me easy-like on the chin with his fist an' I know'd ever-thin' were all rite—Roge jist don't like folks ter be axin' all kinda fool questions."

"Pa an' Jess had been a-gittin' started on spring plantin', but Jess left off work in the afternoon an' went way off in the woods ter hisself. I knew why—Jess' heart wuz nigh splittin' cause Roge ain't never been saved, an' he kep' hopin' Roge mite git converted thet nite at the meetin', but hit didn't soun' noways hopeful since Roge'd said he wouldn't even go—he don't easy change his mind. Well, Jess, he come home 'bout supper time an' I heerd him a-beggin' Roger, but after a few minutes he went on away 'thouten any supper, an' didn't come till way long after Mom an' me wuz in bed. We know'd he didn't go to meetin', cause Pa'd went up to the schoolhouse an' he'd come home early. I guess Jess never had prayed so long an' hard in his life; he loves Roger better'n anybody, an' it grieves him mightily fer Roge ter harden his heart thet way. He'd give both his hands an' his feet too fer Roge ter be saved."

Most of the Sunday School crowd had left now, and Jesse and Mom were starting on down the hill road. Mr. Roark turned and looked at Julie, and she waved him on, saying that she would follow later, bringing me to supper with them. I protested, but she would not give in, and I gave up the argument, urging her to continue her story.

"Well, Mom was quiet thet nite, so quiet I was almost fearful, fer hit don't do fer Mom ter git ter ponderin' too deep. She gits a idea in her head an' seems like hit drives all th'others out an' she jist keeps a-goin' over the same thing. Jist afore I dropped off ter sleep, I heerd her a-mumblin', 'Wicked, thievin' folks—but they won't git him—won't git my Boy—won't git my Roger'—an' then ever-thin' was peaceful-like an I didn't har nothin' till Jess come in. Roger alluz stayed late, an' I wuz a-sleepin' sound when he got home—I didn't even rouse ter the noise of the pick-up climbin' the hill from the river ford. Las' time I opened my eyes, I could see the sky, all black an' starry, an' hear the crickets singin' fit ter kill. Well, next day,—it'uz Thursday—Mom an' me wuz a-cookin' the vittles for breakfast, an Mom still weren't sayin' nothin'. Jess looked all solemn an' sleepless as he split kin'lin' fer the far' an' Pa was quieter than ord'nary when he come frum milkin'. Roge come ter breakfast after I called a long time, lookin' awful sleepy an' soundin' sorta excited when he talked. All durin' breakfast Mom didn't say nothin', an' she got up early an' went out."

"Roger kep' a-tellin' 'bout how Patten Miller looked in his uniform an' 'bout the good food at Camp Davis an' the swell fellers he'd got ter know down yander, an' how he (Roge, I mean) wuz aimin' to larn about the insides o' them big cannons. He wuz all a-far, sure 'nough. An' then while we'uz all settin' aroun' jist a-listenin' an' a-tryin' ter be cheery fer Roger, we heerd a awful rattly sound an' bumpin', an' it sound like som-pin pow'ful big uz bein' throwed down-hill at us. We all of jumped up an went a-runnin', jist of a time ter see Roger's pick-up bust through our ole rail-fence, goin' mighty speedy. If you coulda seed it! Them old rails wuz a-flyin' ever-which-way

up in the ar, an' thet truck went rite on through into the river, way above the ford. An' Roger an' Jess went a-tear-in' down-hill ter stop the thing, but hit'uz done gone too fer fer'm to do no good. T'weren't till then (but hit don't take the time ter watch hit does ter tell) thet we tuk notice how hit had happened. We jist thought Roger parked hit on a too steep place an' hit'd run hitself down—but law, Miz Kathryn, if Mom weren't behin' the wheel of thet vehicle. Pa spied the corner of her apert cotched in the door, an' hollered to Jess an' Roge ter git her out. Well'um, she'uz a-sputterin' an' a-shivering' all over when they lifted her outen the pick-up, fer the winders wuz open an' she'd near-bout had her drowndin' o' water. Pa an' me sat her down while the boys looked at the truck. They wuzn't nothin' they could do, fer the truck were up ter the top rim in the water, an' hit's wheels stuck down in the mud. Roger didn't think rite off how it happened—he wuz too skeered Mom mite be hurt, to think whut'uz in Mom's mind—but it'uz easy fer Jess an' me to see it—we'd know'd Mom to do pow-ful unhandy things afore 'counta Roger. Mom acts afore she thinks it out straight—She jist figgered could she wreck Roger's truck so's he wouldn't have no way o'gettin' ter Jefferson—he wouldn't have no need ter go atall. She got her breath back, an' we all jist stood around an' listened ter what she wuz a-sayin'. 'Now hit won't do no good fer'm to call an' call—they won't git yer, Roge—don't yer see yer pore ole Ma loves yer now, Roge?'

"She looked up at Roger with her eyes all flowin' over an' her mouth a-tremblin' an' a-grinnin', too, up at him. Roger didn't plumb loss his temper—I uz' a holdin' my breath an' prayin' he wouldn't. He jist said, 'Yep, Mom, I know yer loves me,' an' gave her a hug an' walked up the hill ter the house.

"Jess and me holped Mom up the hill, an' Pa follered. Mom wuz a-jabberin' all the time an' her eyes wuz shinin' an' she still wuz a-tremblin' all over.

" 'I done it,' she said over an' over, 'I done it—they cain't git him now—our boy—Roger—he kin stay with us like hit's fitten an' rite.' Jess looked at me an' we couldn't say nothin' but jist tried hard not ter listen ter Mom, cause we know'd they weren't no good ner no sense neither in whut she wuz a-sayin'.

"In a little spell Roge wuz all packed, ready to go. The spring flood had washed our pole-boat down-stream an'

cracked it up, so Roge strapped his pack on his back an' 'low'd he'd be bound to wade the stream an' walk the nine miles ter Jefferson town. He shuk han's with Pa an' said he'd write, an' Jess promised ter git his truck outen the river an' tol' him we'd pray fer him an' we loved him, an' then Roge kissed me smack on the mouth an' hugged me good, an' whispered ter me ter take keer of Tish. He couldn't bear ter tell Mom goodbye, an' he jist struck off down the hill while she uz' back in the house somers. She come out on the porch, though, when he'd got about half across the river at the ford, an' he turned an' blew her a kiss an' hollered, 'Good-bye, Mom, I'll write ter yer soon as I gits ther.'

"She sat down quick on the steps an' looked after him with the funniest look I seed ever. Jist kinda blank, she looked, like she'uz lookin' an' they weren't nothin' ter see. Then she spoke, slow an' strange, an' looked at Pa an' then at Jess—'Whar's . . . he . . . a-goin'?"

"An' Jess said, 'He's walkin' ter Jefferson ter catch the bus ter go ter Fort Bragg, Mom. He *had* ter go—ther jist weren't no gittin' out—he'uz *bound* ter go.'

"Mom jist kep' a-settin', starin' off thet quare way an' a-sayin', 'Bound ter go—bound ter go—Roger bound ter go—I most couldn't stand it, Miz Kathryn. Jess wuz a-cryin' an' so wuz I. Pa he didn't say nothin'—jist went out ter plow. Mom set ther half the day, a-starin' an' a-mumblin' ter herself thet away."

"Have you heard from Roger?" I asked Julie. "How did his letter sound?"

"Oh, he's been a-writin' steady an' his letters sound awful cheery. Mom made me read the first 'un over an' over. She cain't see how Roger kin like the army. He says ever' thin's real nice an' he's got a heap o'friends an' he don't lack for nothin' ceptin' fer wishin' fer home like they all of 'em do. Mom's got back her speech though, an' she knows Roge ain't so awful bad mizzable, so she feels some better. But when Preacher Stone axed her today how wuz he, seems like she got started agin. Mom's jist skeert Roge'll git in some big messes. Jess an' me, we figger all we kin do is pray hard an' keep a-writin' to him cheerful."

We slid from the fence to the ground, and, arm in arm, started toward the Roark's home. The varicolored distant hills and the fresh green near ones looked clear and lovely in the bright summer sunshine, and a cool breeze stirred ripples in the river.

The Cook Walks Out

By POLLY (STONE) BUCK, '24

When my Margaret heard that the old aunt who had raised her in the south of Scotland was killed in an air raid, she came straight in to me with the letter in her hand.

"To cook isn't enough," she said, with set lips. "I'm going into Pennington's." Pennington's is our local munitions factory. And by ten o'clock the next morning she was there, at work at a machine.

I knew something about cooking, so I wasn't too upset about running the house myself until I could look around and find another cook. But when I started on my search, I found to my dismay that the time-honoured seatwarmer of employment anterooms had disappeared from the face of the earth as completely as had the dodo. Nor was this dearth of applicants confined to cooks: domestic help of all sorts was suddenly non-existent. Daily, on all sides, the talk grew of friends' maids who were leaving housework for the munitions factory with its lure of higher pay, and a feeling of importance in winning the war.

I had never been without a cook for any length of time in my life, but I had coped adequately several times through the years with the inevitable between-cook hiatuses, and I thought we might manage now for a while—especially if we had to. A cookless life was not too pleasant to contemplate, but after all, this was a war, and a great many people were enduring partings more poignant than mine with a good cook. So I gave up a few outside activities, and what must have amounted to a great deal of delightful piddling, and braced myself to run the house. Ruth, my children's nurse, helped me a bit with dishes and upstairs cleaning, besides assuming almost entire charge now of the three little girls. I am a sensible, and I hope, intelligent woman. I had good cookbooks, I knew how to read them, and I went at it not as a martyr, but with zest; but I must admit that my "hand was out," as we say in the culinary trade. My poor husband must have missed his Margaret a great deal at those first dinners. "You are all right, my dear," was his considered verdict at the end of two weeks of my cooking. "Don't be discouraged. Your food certainly sustains life."

We rocked along for two more weeks, then the axe really fell. Nurse Ruth came to say she too was going to make guns. She would earn a third as much again as I was paying her, it would be exciting work out in the world and not in the quiet backwater of a small home, and her family felt she had to take it. Of course she had to take it. From her point of view, there was no other course; from mine, it was the end of the world. She had been with me for six years. There was no nurse available with which to replace her, even if I matched factory wages.

To make a long story short, Ruth joined Margaret at the factory, and I beat my golf clubs into brooms and mops, and took over the singlehanded running of a house peopled with three little daughters, two little dogs (and their care is a decided item, let me tell anyone who doesn't know), and to which a tired teacher husband returned every evening, expecting an ordered household, a delicious dinner, and a gay and good humoured wife.

"Gents all," that is a big order. And may I just this once puff out my chest and say with all modesty that I am delivering that order? And that although I have no



Alison Buck, youngest daughter of the author, on her second birthday.

becoming military uniform with a smart visored cap, and I never get the thrill of service and patriotism that emanates from group meetings and nursing classes and lectures, I carry with me on my round of daily duties a high confidence that I, too, am a part of this thing called fighting the war.

There is a big gas stove, and I am its high priestess; there is a modern washing machine, and I am the one that makes it go; there is a vacuum cleaner and a carpet sweeper; there are two small girls to wash and dress, and another still quite small one to inspect—and often rewash—and send off to school on time.

At the beginning of my incumbency things were in a pretty ghastly mess for a while because, with the best intentions in the world, I went at it in the wrong way. I tried to do the work that both Margaret and Ruth had done, with the same degree of efficiency that they had shown, going literally, in fact, by the schedules that I myself had made out for them to follow. It was an impossibility and knowledge of first grade arithmetic should have proved it to me. Margaret's ten hours of housework and cooking, plus Ruth's ten hours of housework and children, plus the several hours that I had formerly given to it myself, plus the family laundry (not originally done at home, but added after we found out what our income tax was to be—and after the help had left!), gives a total of well over twenty-four daily work hours.

My husband and I talked it over. We faced the fact that with our household staff gone, and dirt, meals,

daughters and dogs remaining, the only way out was to lower our standard of living. Some of the things that make for the pleasant, gentle way of life we had known must be abandoned. One entire morning a week, for example, could not now conceivably be given to silver polishing, as it had during Margaret's regime. So we got out the grey flannel cases, and packed all the silver we did not actually need. I kept out candlesticks for the dining table, six of everything flat, and the pie-knife, because a man must have his pie, war or no war.

"I shall miss seeing these gleaming on the sideboard," my husband sighed, as the tea service disappeared into the packing barrel. He loves silver—and has never had to polish any! "We'll get them all out the minute the war is over," I promised him, and myself, "when the factories shut down and the people who want to work for us form in a long line down the driveway. Except for looks, we won't miss these, really. Tea tastes much better from an earthenware pot, tin trays and china serving dishes aren't at all bad, and there are millions of other ashtrays for every possible elbow." But that barrel did seem rather like a coffin as it disappeared around the bend of the attic stairs.

The dining room stripped to the bare bone, our next downward step was to agree not to expect the house to be as neat or to run as smoothly as it had with two full-time workers. I would do the best I could; we would accept the many shortcomings as a concomitant of war. Of course there will often be dust on top of the hall clock. Does it matter? Once it did, but not any more. The things that Margaret and Ruth are doing instead of dusting that clock are vastly more important in the world just now.

Once when I was planning a trip to Europe in the bygone days when people did, an uncle gave me this advice: "Make out a careful, detailed itinerary, and then tear it up." I am running my war-time household on the same principle. I could not undertake the constantly losing and hopeless struggle to adhere to a schedule that two efficient women took twenty hours every day to complete, but I know in detail all the things that ought to be done, and in my own good time I get around to all of them that really matter. Elasticity and gumption (good old gumption! I couldn't live without that word) are what are needed in my case rather than a formal plan. Monday may have been washday for the Medes and the Persians since the beginning of time, but not for me. I run a washerful of clothes whenever we accumulate just that, a washer full, and it is as apt to be on Friday night or at high noon Wednesday as at any other time. If the weeds in our little vegetable garden get pretty high, I let the house gather dust while I weed; if the house seems more important, I let the weeds grow. When the basket disappears under the mending, it is time to forget both weeds and dust, and stitch a bit.

The important thing seems to be to realize that in many American homes today we are dealing with a situation that isn't written down in the books. Under ordinary conditions, a woman who finds her home too large to man-

age alone, increases her staff, or moves into smaller quarters. We cannot do the former, and it does not seem the part of wisdom to take such a drastic step as to abandon our pleasant homes, even if we could, to meet a situation that must surely be only temporary.

The best solution seems to be to handle it as we are doing: for the woman of the family to apply herself to home duties, forsaking all others, if necessary. There are thousands of women who have seen their accustomed domestic staff leave, and have quietly and courageously accepted the fact that their mute, inglorious part in defense lay in menial housework. Of this sisterhood am I. My job is lonely business as far as the recognition of the war department and the cheering mobs is concerned. No bugles sound at the end of my day's work, and I shall never be decorated for mopping, nor have my picture in the papers for washing twelve sheets a week.

Some very pleasant things that made for gracious living are missing from our home these days. I cannot wear a long dress to dinner any more. Does it matter? Not a continental. The mahogany dining table does not gleam as it used to under Margaret's faithful rubbing. But we still have candlelight, even if it is not reflected in silver on the sideboard, and the "food that sustains life" is still there.

"'Tho much is taken, much abides."

There is vital work on the home front to be done, and we American wives and mothers must tie on our big aprons and do it. Children must be tended, and men must be kept strong. The things for which they fight are the hearthstones we keep swept and glowing.

AS I SIT HERE

(Continued from Page 4)

De Sales' thoughtful analysis in *The Making of Tomorrow* of the problems which faced us in the past and will prove stumbling blocks in the future is merely a background into which the five other books can hide. Here are the forces which were working on men's minds after World War I, which colored the world of Sherwood Anderson, Thomas Wolfe, William Saroyan, which caused the circumstances that Anna Seghers and W. L. White describe.

Here also is a formula for future growth in the post war world. "The road we must follow is not new. It is the road of reason. Those who feel that they cannot live without the intoxication of something irrational and romantic like a fundamental regeneration of mankind or a new spiritual revelation, will be disappointed. This civilization of ours . . . is infinitely rich and generous. It contains all the inspiration we need for a thousand years to come."

The books are all alike from the outside. They are nicely bound. And I sit here trying to sum up what they mean. And all I can think of are the closing lines of Sherwood Anderson's *Memoirs* "Life, not death, is the great adventure."



— IN THE SERVICE —



Of the ninety-four graduates of the Class of '42, 30 are actively engaged in defense work. This number gives a percentage of 31.3, which is exceptionally high for a woman's college class. The occupations are:

Becky Andrews, IBM operator at the Atlanta Quartermaster Depot in Conley.

Jean Beutell, chemist with the DuPont Company in Charleston, W. Va.

Lavinia Brown, junior professional assistant in economics.

Mary Jane Bonham, government chemist.

Martie Buffalo, TVA, Chattanooga, Tenn., photogrammetrist.

Edwina Burruss, IBM operator at the Conley depot.

Gay Currie, volunteer work in Richmond Hospital Colored Clinic.

Darleen Danielson, TVA, Chattanooga.

Sunette Dyer, assistant computer in the Ballistic Research Laboratory at the Aberdeen Proving Ground.

Frances Ellis, statistician for the Department of Agriculture, section studying food shortages.

Kay Greene, research lab technician for Fort Monmouth General Development Laboratory, doing special work with radio.

Sue Heldman, Conley depot, IBM operator.

Jeanne Lee, working at Camp Blanding, Florida, in one of the offices.

Caroline Long, hospital technician in Toledo, Ohio.

Mary Dean Lott, TVA photogrammetrist.

Mary McQuown, member of the WAVES.

Dot Miller, member of the WAVES.

Pat Reasoner, TVA at Wilson Dam as technician.

Elizabeth Russell, chemist in Augusta laboratory.

Mary James Seagle, War Price and Rationing Board in Lincolnnton, N. C.

Margaret Sheftall, secretary to Chief Expeditor in the Office of Area Engineer at Camp Gordon, Augusta.

Marjorie Simpson, IBM operator at Conley depot.

Pete Stuckey, TVA photogrammetrist.

Betty Sunderland, Allowance and Allotment Bureau of War Depart-

ment, in Newark, N. J.

Carolyn Taylor, Spanish translator for War Department in Miami.

Margaret Mary Toomey, government chemical analyst.

Margaret Wade, chemist for DuPont in Charleston, W. Va.

Virginia Watkins, government investigator.

Myree Wells is working in Davison's, but gives three days a week to the "dawn patrol" at the Filter Center in Atlanta.

Olivia White, chemist of the Huntsville, Alabama, arsenal.

The next largest group in the class are those who have joined the famed "66%"; nineteen members of the class have added Mrs. to their B.A.s since last June. Twelve of these lucky girls are married to men in the service. Sixteen members of the class are teaching. Seven are working with the Telephone Company, six in Atlanta and one in New York City. Six are taking business courses; five are doing graduate work. Two each are engaged in religious emphasis work, hospital clerical work, and insurance company clerical work. One is a stylist for a prominent department store; one is at Retail Credit; one is librarian at a college; one is working with a gas company and editing its weekly paper, and one is on the stage in New York City. Two members of the class are not accounted for in this poll of occupations.

Augusta Dunbar, '30, is now at Fort McClellan, near Anniston, Alabama, directing the Red Cross Center at the Red Cross Station Hospital there. Augusta had been a field supervisor for WPA until Pearl Harbor, but decided on December 7, 1941, to join the staff of the Red Cross. She was sent first to Fort Benning, as assistant director, and remained there two months before she was made a director herself for Fort McClellan. Her job is an executive one, concerned not only with recreation for convalescent soldiers, but with the maintenance of the Center and the thousand details of its operation. The recreational director works under her direction, as well as a staff of other Red Cross workers in addition to the local volunteers. Augusta has taken graduate work in social service at Colum-

bia, and at the University of Chicago since her graduation from Agnes Scott.

Lieutenant Martha Eskridge, '33, one of the first group of officer candidates to enter the WAAC training school in Des Moines last summer, is now assigned to the personnel division of Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, WAAC Headquarters Staff, in Washington. After her graduation last summer, Lieut. Eskridge was sent to Springfield, Mass., as a member of the Auxiliary Corps' recruiting staff, and after a short time there received the assignment to Colonel Hobby's staff. Martha was director of the personnel department at Ivey's in Charlotte, after graduating from Agnes Scott and Prince School in Boston.

Marjorie Fish, ex-'22, was one of sixteen Red Cross workers to arrive safely in Egypt recently, according to an announcement made by the American Red Cross. The workers will augment the Red Cross staffs now operating in the field and in station hospitals, where the Red Cross program is being expanded to meet the needs of the thousands of American troops who have arrived recently in Egypt. Marjorie was one of the two field directors sent over.

Since her years at Agnes Scott, Marjorie has attended the University of Cincinnati and the New York School of Social Workers. She has been in welfare work for a number of years, and prior to becoming associated with the Red Cross, was field representative for the State Department of Public Welfare in Savannah. She has also been associated with the Board of Social Welfare in Lakeland and Leesburg, Fla.; the Federal Emergency Relief administration in St. Petersburg, Fla.; the Family Welfare Society of Bethlehem, Pa. She was at one time connected with the welfare work in Tampa, Fla., and organized the Tampa Junior League. Before sailing for Egypt she was stationed at Fort Jay, N. Y. and Fort Bragg, N. C. Marjorie is a sister of Virginia (Fish) Tigner, ex-'21, who lives in Atlanta.

Cama (Burgess) Clarkson, '22, is doing defense work in another sense, and is two jumps ahead of most of

us, as she is working for the peace to come after the war. Cama was one of the delegates to the Delaware Conference on a Just and Durable Peace last March. She is constantly out of town talking on this subject to church and auxiliary groups.

Katherine (Leary) Holland, '30, is working in a unit of the Aberdeen Proving Ground Ballistic Research Laboratory, in Philadelphia, as an assistant computer. We quote: "There are about fifty of us working here, under the direct supervision of the Laboratory at Aberdeen. Most of the employees are from Philadelphia or nearby cities. My work is on ballistic computations, some on exterior ballistics and some on firing tables. I spend my days filling up large sheets of papers with numbers, and I really mean filling up the page! For a person like myself, with little inclination for mathematics, it isn't easy but I'm not complaining for I feel I'm doing my bit. With the coming of Christmas I have been wishing for a short vacation at home in Deland, Florida, but it is quite busy these days with the Navy sending so many men there to the Air Base, and the WAACS have really taken over Daytona Beach, which is just a short distance away."



ELOISE ESTES

Among the Agnes Scotters who will graduate from the Officer Training School at Northampton, Massachusetts, early in February are Helen Hardie, '41, of Brazil and Miami, Florida; Mary Landrum Johnson, '37, former teacher in the Fulton County School System; Eloise Estes, '38, of Decatur; and Eugenia Bridges, '40, of Atlanta, former member of the faculty at the Georgia Evening School.

Marcia Mansfield, '41, is a chemist in one of the DuPont plants under the Alabama Ordnance Works. Also engaged in this type of work are Julia McConnell, ex-'41, and Betty Moore, ex-'43, who are at the Breean plant nearby. When pressed for details about her work Marcia replied: "I laughed when I read your letter asking about details. Sorry to let you down, but there are no details for publication, since it is really offense work. However there are a few things that can be admitted. I have just been transferred to a new lab, so instead of testing material for smokeless powder, I am working on another type of explosive. There are some curious regulations which may interest you: we all wear glasses for safety while we work; we can't run on the reservation (safety hazard) unless there is an explosion; we must go to First Aid for even the slightest injury; we must wash very carefully before touching food, and many others. We all have beautiful passes with pictures on them that put the annual pictures to shame. And as we go in the gates the guards hold them up to our faces and compare. Also they ask for all matches, lighters, mechanical pencils and fountain pens. At least we can still carry lipsticks in. All men get searched on entering the plant and sometimes the girls do. Very shortly I guess we'll all get searched every time. We work shifts, which means that I must get in by 10:30 so that I can change my clothes and be ready to leave by 10:45 to go out for midnight shift. Try it sometime!"

Mary Elizabeth Chalmers, '40, is chief of Civilian Personnel and Senior Stenographer at the Army Office in Dothan, Alabama.

Mary Evelyn Francis, '40, is working in the Charleston, S. C., Navy yard.

Evelyn Baty, '40, is working three hours three days a week at the Charlotte, N. C., filter center, which is mighty heavy for her considering her teaching schedule at Queens College.

Fannie G. (Mayson) Donaldson, '12, is giving several mornings a week to the Red Cross canteen in Atlanta, and a most attractive picture of her in uniform appeared in the Atlanta Journal of December 11.

Elizabeth Barrett, '41, is working for the Military Intelligence department of the U. S. Army, in New Orleans.

Lulu (White) Potter, ex-'15, is



MARY LANDRUM JOHNSON

chairman of the Home Service Volunteers of the Atlanta Chapter of the Red Cross, and is also vice-chairman of the Surgical Dressings unit. Lulu comes by her aptitude for social service easily, since her father, the late Woods White of Atlanta, was constantly interested in the problems of men and women who, for one reason or another, needed kindly assistance in rising above obstacles of their own weakness or adverse circumstances. Consequently at an early age she began to see social problems through the eyes of a man who saw more deeply than most people. Interest and aptitude could not have developed in Mrs. Potter such qualities as make her services to the Red Cross so valuable now, without training and experience. Through training given her by the late Joseph C. Logan, director of Atlanta's Associated Charities, Mrs. Potter gained the advantages of the professional viewpoint and the professional experience in social service. This was amplified by work she did in the social service department of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church so that she now combines both the attitude of the enthusiastic volunteer worker and that of the well-trained professional caseworker.

She now heads a division of Red Cross in which only specially qualified volunteers can be used. They are chosen for those characteristics that make for sympathetic understanding of people and for experience that fits them to carry forward the social service activities that form the program of the Home Service Corps. The work of this division has expanded tremendously in recent months. So great has been the increased demand on the home service department that the Atlanta Chapter has found it necessary to enclose a part of the veranda on the north side of the Red Cross House

in order to make more office space for the workers, who in addition have been scheduled for both day and night work at headquarters. This increased activity is due of course to the war activities of the nation and the consequent increase in needs of service men and their families.

In her position as vice-chairman of surgical dressings Mrs. Potter is doing a more than ordinarily effective piece of work. She not only likes to supervise activities at the surgical dressings headquarters, but she has also assisted in teaching women from many other states the required essentials of Red Cross production in surgical dressings. Mrs. Potter was chosen by Eastern Area Headquarters to serve as area instructor for the states of Mississippi, Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina, Alabama and Florida. Some months ago selected delegates from these states were brought to Atlanta for a three-day period of training, at which Mrs. Potter acted as instructor. Mrs. Potter also conducted a similar institute at Columbus, Georgia, recently.

First Lieutenant Ruth Virden, '22, of Bellevue, Mississippi, was one of the recent graduates of the WAAC training school at Des Moines. Ruth writes that she was interviewed by First Officer Catherine (Happoldt) Jepson, '33, and was in the class with Lieutenant Martha Eskridge, '32. Ruth is now assigned to the 81st WAAC Communications Company, Army Post Branch, Des Moines, Iowa.

Ensign Sybil Grant, '34, finished her course at the WAVE Training School in Northampton on December 16, and has been assigned to the Naval Air Base at Jacksonville, Florida, for active duty.

Lieutenant Janet Newton, '17, of Augusta, also graduated on December 16, from the WAVES Training School. Both Lt. Newton and Ensign Grant were attached to the Mount Holyoke Battalion.

We quote in part below from a Christmas letter from Ensign Grant:

WAVE LENGTHS

GREETINGS:

It was a disappointment to learn when we arrived at Northampton that this group of ensigns would be trained at Mount Holyoke. However we're learning that we're lucky after all for the j.g.'s at Smith march about 15 miles each day in going to classes and meals, whereas we room and eat in the same building and attend classes in an adjoining building.

Our room, 406, is one of the best in Rockefeller. It's true the stairs were at first long and steep but once we

reached our dormer-windowed room, we found it larger than most of the others. We had heard that furnishings were scant, but we couldn't know the effect of walking into a room containing two double deck bunks, unmade, and a table—nothing more. No chairs, rugs, lamps, pictures—nothing. It was like being served the carcass of the turkey. However upon closer inspection we saw that things weren't so bad. We found two ample closets with large medicine chests for make-up kits. Even if we hadn't had these, the panoramic view of Gothic buildings and the distant Berkshires would have made up for everything. By now we're quite comfortably situated in spite of

the fact that Katherine types her letters while perched atop an impressive tome, Naval Regulations, placed carefully on her steamer trunk, and climbs into her top bunk by means of a ladder swiped from the hall.

Already we've become confused and puzzled a number of times. This has been partly due to the strange accents, and partly to navy lingo. We live on deck four which we reach by climbing the ladder; we remain in our quarters, sleep in a bunk, report to mess hall where we eat food prepared in the galley. Our information comes from orders posted or from the mate of the deck (one of the ensigns who knows

(Continued on Page 25)



First Officer Catherine (Happoldt) Jepson, who left Decatur only last summer to enter training in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, is shown as she received the insignia of her new rank, equivalent to that of captain in the Army. Colonel Charles Easterbrook, of WAAC headquarters in Washington, where Mrs. Jepson is on duty as a member of the general staff, pinned on the bars. WAAC officer trainees graduate as third officers, or second lieutenants.—Photo Courtesy, Atlanta Constitution.



Lecture Association Presents Two Outstanding Speakers

Alfred Noyes, popular British poet who was to have been resident poet on the campus the week of Jan. 19, has been forced to postpone his speaking engagements here because of a serious illness. The date of the lectures will be announced later.

During his stay he will speak informally to various groups of students and will meet with the girls at luncheon and dinner. Mr. Noyes' visit, thus, continues the tradition of DuBose Heyward and Robert Frost in past years.

Dr. Noyes came to this country in 1940, after repeated Nazi bombardments forced him to evacuate his family from their home on the Isle of Wight. He traveled extensively in Canada before coming to the United States. He will be remembered in Atlanta as the principal speaker of the commencement exercises last June.

Public Lecture Association will present Reinhold Niebuhr on May 5, speaking on "The Nature and Destiny of Man." Mr. Niebuhr is a professor at Union Theological Seminary in New York City and a distinguished author in the fields of politics and religion. His books include *Does Civilization Need Religion?*, *Leaves from the Notebook of a Tamed Cynic*, *Moral Man and Immoral Society*, *Reflection on the End of an Era*, *An Interpreter of Christian Ethics*, *Beyond Tragedy*, *Christianity and Power Politics*, and *The Nature and Destiny of Man*.

Unusual Carol Service Highlights Christmas Season

A chorus of 130 voices, composed of the Agnes Scott and the Georgia Tech Glee Clubs, under the direction of Lewis H. Johnston of Agnes Scott and Walter Herbert, of Tech, gave two beautiful performances of Christmas music just prior to the close of

From A Tower Window

school for the holidays. The first of these was presented in Atlanta at the First Baptist Church on December 6; the second at the college in Gaines Chapel on December 13.

The first part of the program consisted of Christmas carols by the Agnes Scott Glee Club, with solo parts done by Jeanne Newton and Barbara Connally, and violin obligato by Mary Quigley. These were followed by a group of carols by the combined choirs. The later part of the program was selections from the Messiah, with solo parts sung by Helen Ardelle McGee, Frances (Gilliland) Stukes, '24, William Wyatt, and Walter Herbert. Mr. C. W. Dieckmann presided at the console of the organ.

Folio Revived by Freshmen Writers

The revival of "Folio," a writing club which went out of existence on the campus around 1926, will be of interest to alumnae who at one time were members of the club. "Folio" is an English departmental club for Freshmen, who submitted poems, essays and stories in try-out for membership. It is sponsored by Janef Preston, '21, and Clara Morrison, '35, of the English department faculty, and at present has 38 members.

The club is separated into four workshop groups, each of these under the direction of a member of B. O. Z., the creative writing club for upper-classmen. The workshop groups meet every other week, and present their work for the intervening time for criticism. An occasional general meeting takes care of such business as the group must decide.

The club was inaugurated in November in an effort to give the Freshmen interested in creative writing some outlet for their talents and some additional stimulus. Since Freshmen are not allowed to try out for clubs until spring quater, they could not belong to BOZ until their sophomore years. This group is another indication of the strong emphasis still being placed on the finer arts by the students and faculty at Agnes Scott.

College Officials Attend Meetings

Dr. J. R. McCain and Dean S. G. Stukes attended the 47th annual meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools which was held in Memphis, Tennessee, November 30-December 2. Dr. McCain attended the meeting of the Commis-

sion on Institutions of Higher Education, the outcome of which meetings was to decide whether or not the University of Georgia and other colleges in the University system will be returned to the accredited list. Mr. Stukes participated in the Southern Association of Colleges for Women, and also the conference of Academic Deans of the Southern States.

Dr. McCain also attended the meeting of the General Education Board in New York City on December 3, and the meeting of Phi Beta Kappa Senate in New York on December 10-11. One important function of this last meeting was to discuss the war policy of the organization and such problems as whether or not any applicants for Phi Beta Kappa chapters should be considered now. According to Dr. McCain, forty-five applications have been received during the last year.

Alumnae Committees Achievements

Two of the Alumnae Association committees have done considerable work on the House this fall, and the results are most impressive. The House Decorations Committee has at last found the right mirror for the entrance hall, an antique-gold framed oblong, which is perfect in the particular spot. A crystal chandelier, reproduction of one in Mount Vernon, has been placed in the dining room. Also added in the dining room is a panel of hand painted Chinese wall paper, which has been put on the north wall, opposite the windows.

The Second Floor Committee has completely furnished one room. An easy chair in an attractive floral design, a Wedgewood reading lamp, two Dubonnet rugs, and two floral prints have completed the guest room known as the pink room. New organdie curtains have been purchased for other rooms in the House, too.

The Tea Room Committee has limited its decorating to the dyeing of the pongee pull curtains already hanging in the Tea Room. They are now a soft old-rose shade, most effective with the pale green walls and woodwork.

New Student Loan Chairman Added to Executive Board

Julia Pratt (Smith) Slack, ex-'12, has been appointed student loan chairman, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Mary (Malone) Martin, '37.

Agnes Scott's Eighteenth Founder's Day Broadcast

Monday, February 22, 1943

Tune in on WSB and join the seven thousand alumnae who will be observing the birthday of our founder with us. In all patriotism, we cannot urge you to travel long distances to attend the group meetings which will be held, but we do hope that you and the alumnae who are your neighbors will be together and listening in at this time.

Group meetings are being planned in all the cities where we have large groups of alumnae, and notices of the exact time of the program will be sent to these program chairmen as soon as the time is scheduled.

If you are a "lone alumna" or one of a few in a small town, and would like to be notified of the exact hour of the program, just let the Alumnae Office know by February 15, and we will gladly send you all publicity. We can't suggest that you have a coffee, or even a Coca-Cola party under the circumstances, but we can suggest that you have a few friends in to tune in with you. There is no rationing of good fellowship, and there never will be in America!

Remember the Station!

WSB, Atlanta Journal Station

(740 Kilocycles)

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



APRIL, 1943

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TO OUR READERS—

The Alumnae Association is introducing two new members this month—Miss Margaret Ridley, who is President of the Association, and Miss Harriotte Brantley, who has recently come to take Nelle Chamlee Howard's place as Executive Secretary.

Margaret Ridley, of the class of '33, is a well known figure in this section. Always pleasant, friendly, and ready to help, she is richly fulfilling the promise of her college years. "Mardie" was President of Student Government during her senior year, May Day chairman her junior year, and an active member of Blackfriars. Since graduation she has been Treasurer of the Alumnae Association, and at present is doing excellent work as a teacher at Girl's High.

Harriotte Brantley, '32, comes from Blackshear, Georgia where she served as a teacher of social subjects in the High School for a number of years immediately after graduating from college, and later worked in an insurance office. She spent some time last fall in Jacksonville where she was engaged in defense work and was taking a business course. Harriotte was House President of Inman her senior year at Agnes Scott, and was a member of K.U.B. and the Cotillion Club.

It will certainly be apropos here to extend to *Nelle Howard* sincere and heartfelt thanks for her splendid work during those years when she so graciously and capably filled the office of Alumnae Secretary. A charming, poised, and competent person she has the good wishes of all those with whom she has come in contact—students, faculty, alumnae, and friends of the college.

DEAR ALUMNA,

Spring is the season when every Agnes Scott graduate takes a moment from her busy, well ordered routine to do a bit of dreaming and reminiscing about college days. Perhaps her thoughts center on May Day in the Dell, or on the feverish fun of Senior Opera, or they may dwell on some quieter moment that was so full of friendship and understanding, the very spirit of our college. No matter what

the instance, the memory is always stimulating.

In past years, the Alumnae Association has urged each one of you to return to the campus so that with class-mates you might relive your particular June and exchange notes on the "adventures" that followed. This year, at the request of Secretary Morgenthau and Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, Agnes Scott is cooperating with other colleges and universities by curtailing some commencement activities. Because we wish "to help ease the terrific strain on the coun-

try's transportation systems," we are foregoing the class reunions. The war alone prevents us from carrying on as usual, and for the first time our spring Quarterly does not carry the dates for special reunion parties.

Since we cannot be together on the campus, we are urging that local clubs make a special effort to hold spring meetings and through them to renew the same old commencement spirit. It will help us all to make plans now for our first gathering in a peaceful future. Why not mark the very next bond you buy, "My trip to Agnes Scott in a not too distant spring"?

Those of us who are near the college are striving to keep alive and unchanged the traditions and spots that you love. We want you to know that the Alumnae House is as inviting as ever, your welcome on the campus as warm as in calmer years,

and a place is waiting just for you if business or Uncle Sam brings you this way. Moreover, Harriotte Brantley, our new alumnae secretary, will greet you personally in her own gracious manner and make you know how glad we all are that you have come.

Please write to us and tell us what you are doing. Through a newsy summer Quarterly we may have a delightful exchange of "visits" though the miles intervene and the O.D.T. discourages traveling for pleasure.

Most sincerely yours,

MARGARET RIDLEY, '33,
President of the Alumnae Association.



MARGARET RIDLEY

So Much To Remember

BETTY JONES, '43

Some one has said that memory is life's clock. I like that. I like to think that a long time from now I am going to be able to measure the minutes, and hours, and days that I have spent on the accurate timepiece of my memory. I want it to be accurate. The big hand must point to those unexpected moments of understanding deepened by sudden realization. The small hand must point to a grown up me in the first "formal"; to the glimpse of a faraway ocean, seen for the first time; to a dash of sunlight in my room; to the quirk of a smile and the sudden turn of a head I love—all the moments that I shall measure into the stretch of years on the face of my clock.

There is so much to remember: hot summer nights playing in the streets, school with sand tables and shuffle relay; the surprise of growing up, and one day before the surprise is gone—college. College is four years on the clock, college is time that we are forever going to reach until suddenly we are living it.

Agnes Scott may mean a hundred different things to each of us. Each will have a private store of whatever she has gathered to fill her "going away" bag. But the memory of certain things, and people, and places, certain ideas and ideals that make a school distinctly and proudly itself, belong to no years, but to all years—these are memories to be shared.

Agnes Scott is a Monday morning with coats and hair flying in the sharp wind coming around the corners of Buttrick. It is the hockey field where voices are hoarse with screaming; it is the pound of a basketball in the gym. It is "lights out", and early morning cramming; the scratch of pens and wads of tortured paper. It is cracker crumbs in bed, and the rustle of paper on a package from home. It is a Freshman tired from walking up and down a thousand stairs, a Freshman bewildered by so many new, animated faces, a Freshman writing volumes to everyone. It is a Freshman, and a Sophomore, and a Junior, and a Senior beginning and enlarging the pattern of Main Tower against the sky, the quiet dignity of Presser and the lighted windows of the Library, the purpose of Buttrick; a pattern of voices, and contacts, and friendships, and exchangeable ideas.

Agnes Scott is chapel with letters slipped in and out of notebooks; the swelling comfort of hymns that are easy and familiar; somebody in the choir smiling at somebody who is not. It is Decatur, a movie, a walk, and sudden angry clouds. It is snow, unexpected and rare, bringing squeals and nonchalant, "It happens all the time in New York."

In the Fall Agnes Scott is Seniors in caps and gowns, two long lines of whispered confusion. "Who belongs where?" Two long lines of people hearing, and giving new meaning to the strains of "Ancient of Days." In the Spring it is sun baths and bright new freckles. It is the book store for crackers and cokes and conversation, the tea house, and the drug store just around the corner.

Agnes Scott is a street car, important and loud and independent, passing miles of railroad tracks on the way to Atlanta. It is skating in the gym, and plays and concerts in Presser; it is exams never to be survived; it is sleepy after lunch classes when the air is warm and still outside; it is the sudden panic of not knowing an answer, the swift con-

fidence of a head brim full and paper blank and waiting. It is notes on the bulletin board, and the mail room full and buzzing.

Agnes Scott is a pride in certain intangible things that can never be measured—"more surely mine, being not possessed." It is the beauty and strength of religion; it is fellowship, the joy of sharing tasks and recreation; it is the satisfaction of scholarship and the beginning of knowing what is meant by "freedom of the mind."

Agnes Scott is these and a hundred other things. It is nothing that has not been said before, and everything. It has been almost four years on my timepiece, and now the seconds whirl by too quickly, and June and Commencement are reaching the proportions of reality. I must turn my head often for a look behind me at the things I love. A long time from now I shall still be measuring the minutes, and hours, and days of college on my memory.

"This battle is not just a battle of lands,
A war of conquest, a balance-of-power war.
It is a battle for the mind of man
Not only for his body. It will decide
What you and you and you can think and say,
Plan, dream and hope for in your inmost minds
For the next thousand years.
Decide whether man goes forward toward the light,
Stumbling and striving, clumsy—but a man—
Or back to the dark ages, the dark gods,
The old barbaric forest that is fear.
Books are not men, and yet they are alive.
They are man's memory and his aspiration,
The link between his present and his past,
The tools he builds with, all the hoarded thoughts,
Winnowed and sifted from a million minds,
Living and dead to guide him on his way."

—From Stephen Vincent Benet's Drama, "They Burned the Books." Quotation reprinted from *Scholastic*, The American High School Weekly, September 14-19, 1942; page 26.

— MAY WE PRESENT —

Among the many files in the Alumnae Office is one listed as "professional". Here are kept the names of our Agnes Scotters engaged in all sorts of professions. There are advertisers and aviatrixes, lecturers and lawyers, statisticians and technicians. And so from time to time we would like to introduce to you various members of this professional group. May we present:

Selma Gordon, (Mrs. Max Furman), of the class of ex-'24, who writes of her experiences along the trail of becoming a Buyer:

"My career as a Buyer is studded with many humorous and interesting episodes; but to me the strangest is the story of how I chose that career in the first place, and the gradual change that the career made in my original conception of what the job entailed. Perhaps you "Aggies" might be interested.

"A friend and I, both carefree newlyweds, were shopping one afternoon, trying to spend our husbands' money as judiciously as possible. In due course our conversation turned to the happy life of a department store Buyer who is paid a substantial salary for spending the unlimited funds of her employer on beautiful things. The idea grew on us as we talked, and soon we decided to put thought into action by applying at Macy's for a job.

"We soon learned in our interview with the efficient but highly amused Employment Executive that you could not even be an Assistant Buyer without certain essential commercial experience. My friend became discouraged, but I stuck to it and took the first step in the ladder of success by becoming a Comparison Shopper. For the uninitiated, this consists of being a sort of a 'Snooper' to determine whether your employer's competitors are selling comparable articles for less than he is. I found this work interesting, but soon learned that it pays very little and leads to practically no advancement. But I gained a wealth of experience in judging values of merchandise and the qualities that make merchandise desirable.

"To get closer to my goal, I became a salesgirl in the dress department. I then learned 'what Macy's customers wanted'. Strangely, the things I liked most were spurned by my customers who chose things that I never would have bought for myself. I learned that Buyers rarely buy the things they like, but rather what their customers want. Simple as this axiom seems now, its revelation to me destroyed my early dreams of buying just pretty things.

"After some months of this I applied for and soon was promoted to a position called 'Head of Stock'. Here I gathered more commercial wisdom as I was taught that the Buyer could not buy as much and as often as she pleased. Instead, she must keep her inventory in such condition that she is 'open to buy'. Once this technical and delicate balance is destroyed, the Buyer might just as well resign before her merchandise manager fires her.

"More than a year elapsed before a vacancy occurred and I was advanced to the exalted position of 'Assistant Buyer', a Junior Executive. I was most elated and proud at this recognition. Actually however, my time was principally consumed with being a super saleswoman as I was at the beck and call of each of the salesgirls in my department to help clinch difficult sales. My only contact outside of the store was in cajoling manufacturers to rush deliveries of some merchandise or at other times holding deliveries off when we were not ready to accept them. I have

heard manufacturers define Assistant Buyers as 'mice training to be rats'. Maybe so, but I found this training hard work. Thus far, after some three or four years of apprenticeship, I had not even been sent to a manufacturer's office, or bought a thing.

"Aside from doing all the unpleasant jobs that my 'boss' detested doing himself, my principal responsibility was to learn 'what the customers wanted'; this I gathered from my conversations with them and the salespersons, and from watching the fast moving merchandise. As soon as my impressions were formulated, I transmitted them to my buyer.

"And then after five years of preparation I became a full fledged Buyer. At last, I was free to go out in the market and spend thousands and thousands of dollars in the course of a year on beautiful clothes and lovely things. By now, however, I had learned that my Buyer's job is principally a selling one, strange as it all seems to the layman, and that I could not indulge myself at all, despite all this money that was at my command. Alas! the things that I buy must go on some other woman's back. She lives a different life from mine, in another environment. She looks different, and her husband's tastes differ from mine. She uses her clothes for a different purpose, and expects more or less utility from them. I must find out all of these facts about my customer and supply her with the garments that will fulfill her requirements.

"Department store buying is like a continuous race. The contest consists of selling the volume which has been set by a progressive merchandise manager. This figure is often ten or fifteen per cent higher than that of the corresponding day last year. Naturally, the more my department sells, the more I am 'open to buy'.

"But meeting these progressive increases in quotas set for you means a greater goal for the next year. This becomes the bugaboo of a Buyer's dreams. Eventually the department's volume reaches a saturation point, dependent on the store's limitations, and the Buyer cannot push it any higher. But other Buyers in other stores have also reached their saturation points and are 'on their way out'. And so you swap jobs.

"Conditions in the markets change each season, each month. Now there is a shortage of goods, whereas a few years ago my problem was principally selling the goods my manufacturers begged me to purchase.

"There are problems of 'when to anticipate demand' and 'when to take a loss on merchandise to prevent a greater loss in the future'. I have to cope with personalities in my own department and in other departments in my store as well as with my merchandise managers and the manufacturers. These furnish disturbing situations daily; nevertheless, my contact with these problems, and the method with which I have dealt with them, have formed for me a background of experience that serves me in good stead in handling my daily problems, both in business and in my personal affairs.

"Today, I am astounded at the simplicity of my early conception of the duties of a Buyer. I *know now* the amount of knowledge, shrewdness, backaches, headaches, disappointments, and failures that combine to make a successful Buyer; yet I love it. I have learned much, and have become more understanding of other people and their problems."

Lucia Murchison, class of '22, Director, Bureau of Social Service in Washington, D. C. Lucia writes:

"The Health Department in the District of Columbia is responsible for an over-all public health program. In 1938 the Health Officer, Dr. George C. Ruhland, had the wisdom and vision to inaugurate a social service program in the health department. Washington was the second city in the country to organize its social services into a bureau in its city health department, Los Angeles being the first. The social workers are available to assist those sick persons whose social or economic needs keep them from receiving medical care or getting the best benefits from their medical care, or from carrying out the doctor's recommendations.

"The social service staff consists of a director, three supervisors and twenty social workers. As director, it is my duty to develop the policies and procedures for the general operation of the bureau, to set up the qualifications, responsibilities and duties of the personnel, to select the personnel (the educational qualifications for the positions are a bachelor's degree plus two years of graduate study in an approved school of social work) to serve in a consultative capacity to the local health and welfare agencies, to assist in correlating community resources with medical social service needs of patients.

"At the present time in the Bureau of Maternal and Child Welfare, social service is giving service to patients who attend the maternal clinics of the Health Department. Such problems as lack of income, inability for the unmarried mother to plan for the period of enforced unemployment caused by pregnancy, or for the baby after it comes, emotional stress of having a baby out of wedlock, and lack of understanding on the part of the family, compose the majority of the reasons for referral of the maternity cases.

"Children known to the Child Health centers are referred because of evidence of inadequate care, need of temporary or permanent removal from their own parents, or inability of the parents to provide special diets or items necessary to the child for health or development. The handicapped children's services which are administered in the Bureau of Maternal and Child Welfare social services are so essential in the work with orthopedic and cardiac that every new patient admitted to the clinic is seen by the social worker. Where there is evidence that the patient's or his parents' attitudes and capabilities are such that it is likely to interfere with his treatment, the social worker works with the doctor and the public health nurse to insure the best possible results from medical care.

"Since the Health Department is responsible for the administration of its city hospitals, the admission of patients for free medical care from the standpoint of financial and residence eligibility is the responsibility of the social workers assigned to the Hospital Permit Bureau of the Health Department. In addition the workers have to authorize the admission of indigent cases to three private hospitals with which the District of Columbia has a contract to pay for their care, and authorize admission for District of Columbia patients to the Freedmen's Hospital (Federal hospital for negro patients).

"The social workers in the Gallinger Municipal Hospital and Glenn Dale Sanatorium (tuberculosis) work with the doctors to assist the patient to meet the social problems that arise because of his illness and often-times because of his long stay in the hospital. The social worker has to assist in such problems as arranging for food and shelter for those patients who are leaving the hospital and have no

economic resource or family to plan for them, straightening out home conditions that worry patients and prevent them from getting well, arranging for changes of occupation and rehabilitation when necessary, assisting the patient to accept his diagnosis and the doctor's recommendation for treatment, obtaining social histories for the doctors to assist in establishing medical diagnosis. This last function is most important in the psychiatric service of the hospitals.

"During the past year I have had the privilege of being chairman of two projects that are directly related to the war effort and I think show very clearly the participation of medical social workers in community planning. I believe a short description of these projects would be of interest.

"The first project is the work with Selective Service Draft Boards. The District of Columbia Selective Service Headquarters designated officially the Public Assistance Division of the Board of Public Welfare as the Selective Service Referral Center to handle all requests for information and investigations referred by the local Draft Boards. The Public Assistance Division organized operating units of professional social workers giving volunteer time to investigate the cases in which the registrant claimed deferment because of dependents, and the delinquent cases in which the registrant has failed to report for examination or fails to perform within the required time any duty imposed upon him by the selective service law. The medical social workers from our service and from the private hospitals in the city composed one of the units. It is most gratifying to report that approximately sixty per cent of the delinquent cases were located and their failure to comply, for the most part, was due to lack of understanding the instructions, and incorrect addresses.

"The other project is the volunteer service of medical social workers in the Emergency Medical Service and Casualty Information Service of the Office of Civilian Defense. The medical social workers have been assigned to fourteen hospitals in the city to give volunteer service in the event of enemy action or any large scale disaster necessitating the services of Civilian Defense."

EDITOR'S NOTE: According to Miss Murchison, social workers are needed in many fields. Information on the subject may be obtained by writing to The American Association of Schools of Social Work, Miss Leone Massoth, 4200 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., and to The American Association of Medical Social Workers, 205 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

Virginia White (Mrs. Robert H. Barnes), of the class of ex-'18, who teaches art at the State College for Women in Montevallo, Alabama.

In addition to her teaching, Mrs. Barnes is a portrait painter and her work includes portraits of: Dr. Brock and Miss Tutwiler at the State Teacher's College in Livingston, Alabama; Governor William Brandon, whose portrait hangs in the State Capitol; Dr. Lee Turlington of Birmingham; and Dr. Alfred Frasier of Dothan. Mrs. Barnes is now painting two portraits which go to Asheville, North Carolina. In the past few years she has won one prize from the Birmingham Art Club, two from the Alabama Art League, and two from the Alabama Water Color Society. Mrs. Barnes is also the author of several articles which were published, her subject being "Art Education".

One in a very different kind of vocation, Occupational Therapy: Mrs. Mary D. Zenor Palmer, of the Institute. And here is her contribution:

"Occupational Therapy is that form of treatment which includes any occupation, mental or physical, definitely prescribed and guided for the distinct purpose of contributing to, and hastening, recovery from disease or injury, and of assisting in the social and institutional adjustment of individuals requiring long and indefinite periods of hospitalization. In the administering of this type of treatment, prescriptions are as necessary as in any other form of treatment.

"The practice in a Veterans' Bureau Hospital is—before beginning any patient in Occupational Therapy, we are required to have a clinical record signed by his Ward Doctor stating diagnosis, mental attitude, present condition and progress, along with the number of hours the patient is to work, and usually the type of work.

"In our own General Hospital, at Fort Harrison, Montana, we have a shop where all the ambulant patients are allowed to work; this is in charge of a shop aide. Here the patients do wood-working, leather-work, basketry, metal crafts, etc. They seem to like leather work and weaving better than any other crafts. I'll mention a few specific cases; one chair-ridden patient, scarcely able to move his hands because of arthritis, has made more than 500 yarn caps of every kind, on a round rake. Another case with a broken back has had much pleasure and profit making sweaters and scarfs on a rake. For nervous cases, weaving is invaluable. We have had many cases to prove this. One patient made thirty or more rag and roving rugs on the large loom in the shop. He seemed happy and contented when at work, as weaving was soothing to him. Generally speaking, weaving is a good craft for many types of disability, for it gives exercise often greatly needed, and contributes to the co-ordination of mind and muscles.

"While our work is not pre-vocational, many do carry on after leaving the hospital, and are able to make a living with the crafts they learned here. Many of the patients can sell the articles they make; however, in Occupational Therapy, the commercial side is the least of it. The therapeutic benefit they receive while making an article is of paramount importance. Of course, the more interesting and constructive the problem, the more value it holds therapeutically.

"To quote from an address given by Miss Helen Seeley at the California State Association of Occupational Therapists: 'Just as the greatest values of life are not tangible, so it is impossible to label every article with its full significance. They are only by-products of Occupational Therapy,—a means to some definite end. We wish that every article were accompanied by a chart giving even crudely its therapeutic value. One article might tell of the diminishing of destructiveness of an excited patient or the apathy of one who was deteriorated. Perhaps a series of projects might tell of an orthopedic case and show the rate of improvement in the function of a disabled member by means of measuring devices and carefully kept data. One piece in the exhibit might tell of the improved mental attitude produced in a tuberculosis or otherwise chronic case. One might have given the doctor a definite clue, by

the physical or mental action produced. Another, by bringing to light an undeveloped interest or talent to be of use later for the patient's retaining it in a vocation.'

Margaret Watson, class of '37, who has combined an interesting vocation with an equally interesting avocation. She writes:

"My apologies for waiting so long to answer, but I've been working for daily newspapers so long I'm wedded to the habit of beating a deadline by a few minutes. I hope this will beat your deadline, but I can't provide any interesting 'copy' on myself as a flier now.

"As you know, the army has grounded all civilian flying in the coastal areas except the Civil Air Patrol. The patrols, such as the one here, which have ocean to cover, take no women pilots, so, since last summer, I have been a 'dodo'—(bird who can't fly).

"I got my private pilot's license in Charleston in October, 1941, taking flying lessons in my home town and completing my course after I came here to work on The News and Courier. Home town is Greenwood, S. C.

"Flying is my first love as an avocation—newspapering is still tops as a vocation. My first solo flight, however, was even more of a thrill than my first page one byline!

"My flying 'career', while fascinating to me, was uneventful—no hairbreadth escapes or forced landings, yet! I try to follow my instructor's advice—'Don't try to be the best pilot—just the oldest!'

"I've had some interesting cross-country flights when I did some of the flying, and a few when I was chief pilot. The longest was a week-end flight from Greenwood to Miami where I helped as navigator. That was before I was qualified to do any of the piloting. My license is only for the small, low-powered planes—'animated paper bags', they have been called,—but I feel a great affection for Piper Cubs, because I know how to fly them.

"As soon as I can, after the war, I want to start flying again, and my ambition is to own a plane some day—one that's big enough for me and a passenger or two.

"Many women fliers are doing swell jobs in the war program, and if there comes a time when my limited knowledge and experience in flying will be of use, then I hope I'll be able to take to the air again.

"On The News and Courier I replaced a man who was off to the wars, and my job is the kind not often held by a woman. I'm on the copy desk, taking turns on the sports desk and the 'telegraph' desk, which latter handles all the news coming in from other places, via Associated Press and United Press teletypes.

"I select copy to be used in the paper, edit it, and write headlines. It is very interesting and is quite different from reporting, which I did when I first started on a newspaper. I'm still not sure which I like best. A 'two-in-one' combination where I could do some reporting and some editing would be the perfect answer!

"Although I was never in the least athletic, I enjoy working on the sports section, and have acquired quite a 'sporting' vocabulary. But my athletic activity is still confined to description rather than participation!"

From A Tower Window

Founder's Day Radio Program



Jean Bailey and Roberta Winter, working together, helped to give us a splendid radio program this year. The program was scheduled for 10:15 P. M. over station WGST, and less than an hour before that time Dr. McCain, Miss Scandrett, and Miss Margaret Ridley were sitting around a small table, with a "Mike" in the center, reading over

their scripts. Radio men bustled in and out, and there was the last minute flurry that always makes you feel things can never be worked out in a million years. And then the hands of the big clock over your head were making a pie-shaped piece of time, and the announcer was saying, "Today was Founder's Day at Agnes Scott College," and the program had begun. Miss Scandrett said: "So tonight we are reporting to you on this year that the college has just completed, and announcing our credo as an educational institution in a nation at war today with eyes firmly fixed on the peace of tomorrow."

The minutes were ticking off Dr. McCain's familiar and loved voice as he closed his address: "And so in its philosophy of life, the college of liberal arts is not as concrete in its teachings as a business college or a law school or an officers training school, but it does claim that it deals with the elements of human life that are eternal and that are vital. It claims to represent the true welfare and happiness of the human race. It claims to represent the best for which the United Nations stand. It claims to be a real participant in this war. It believes that it will be the victor."

And then Miss Scandrett again: "As I think back through all of this, the thing that keeps coming to my mind is what Thornton Wilder says so ably in his modern fantasy, "The Skin of Our Teeth"—that throughout the ages man may suffer successive cataclysms—ice, flood, wars—but that he will continue to live through them and rise above them; and that one of the few things he instinctively clings to is knowledge."

The fifteen minutes were almost gone and Miss Ridley was saying: "We cannot repeat often enough the words of welcome that await you whenever you return to the college for a visit. We leave you with our best wishes and the memorable melody of the Alma Mater ringing across the quadrangle and on into a fifty-fourth year for Agnes Scott College."

Faculty Review

On Saturday night, March 6, students and visitors on the Campus were privileged to view the Faculty in action—80 souls—in a Revue entitled, "Our Day—and Welcome to It". The purpose was to raise funds for the Red Cross. There were three scenes—Ante Bellum, Bellum, and Post Bellum. Program notes explain: "Be it understood that, as

advertised, this Revue embraces all of human life and covers a great span of time—how great, one may only guess, since it shows the past, present and future, and since no one knows how long the future will last. Action in Parts One and Two are drawn from actual events and circumstances; the rules read in the faculty meeting are lifted verbatim from old Agnes Scott catalogues, and so on. The story is that of the rise, fall and partial restoration of faculty rule on the Agnes Scott campus. This historical theme sweeps the action along to a powerful, to say the least, climax."

There were no mishaps—all ante-bellum students and teachers escaped injuries which might have resulted from a fall over "1890" skirts; the Faculty managed to reach a satisfactory conclusion on the harrasing problem of what should be done with students who ran away from classes on April 1, and spent the day nibbling sweets and playing leapfrog; the First Aid scene was rushed successfully to its horrendous clamix; and a beneficent St. Peter, with long white beard and long white robe, admitted more or less deserving mortals to a Paradise where an angel teacher flew (by courtesy of Mr. James, consultant on staging) to meet her eager angel students on a "Happy, Happy Examination Day."

The production was under the direction of Miss Roberta Winter, and was written by: Miss Ackerman, Mrs. Rhodes, Miss Alexander, Miss Hutchens, and Miss Winter, with additional lyrics by Miss McDougall. Proceeds turned over to the Red Cross amounted to \$160.45.

Debate Team

Victorious in three out of four of their clashes, Agnes Scott's debate team tied with three other colleges for first place in the North Georgia intercollegiate debate tournament held February 25th-26th at Emory University. Duplicate awards will go to Agnes Scott, Emory, North Georgia, and Piedmont colleges.

The debate question concerned the formation of a world federation to bring peace to a post-war world. The subject will be discussed at the Grand Eastern tournament to convene April 7th-10th at Charlotte, North Carolina. There will be representatives from all the southeastern states, including Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and South Carolina. Agnes Scott will be represented by Cathy Steinback, president of the club, Elaine Kuniansky, Claire Bennett, and Ruth Kolthoff.

Dr. Posey To Take Place of Dr. Davidson in History Department

Dr. Walter B. Posey, present head of the department of history at Birmingham-Southern, will come to Agnes Scott next September to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Dr. Phillip Davidson, professor of history.

Dr. Posey is a graduate of the University of Chicago, having received his Ph.D. there in 1923. He holds an LL.B. from Cumberland University, and an M.A. and a Ph.D. from Vanderbilt. He is a Phi Beta Kappa and an O.D.K.

May Court

Mabel Stowe of Belmont, North Carolina, has been elected this year's May Queen. Mabel is the sister of Mary Margaret (Stowe) Hunter who graduated with the Class of '36.

Other members of the May Court are: *Seniors*: Betty Brougher, Hester Chafin, Ann Hilsman, Marjorie Wilson; *Juniors*: Julia Harvard, Martha Rhodes, Robin Taylor; *Sophomores*: Virginia Lee Brown, Joyce Freeman, Nancy Moses, Julia Scott Newell; *Freshmen*: Gloria Ann Melchor, Annette Neville.

Founder's Day 1943

ALABAMA

Anniston: The Anniston Club met at the home of Frances (Steele) Gordy for a seated tea. No plans were made to meet regularly because so many of the members have permanent jobs or are doing Red Cross work. Many more had planned to attend, but at the last minute had to help with the rationing. Those present were: Frances (McDonald) Moore, Elizabeth (Shepherd) Knox, Addie (McCaa) Butler, Weenona (Peck) Booth, Carolyn (Sproull) Knight, Rosa (White) Horn, Virginia Ordway, Katherine DeHart, Susie Blackmon, Estelle Bryan.

Birmingham: Louise (Abney) Beach was in charge of getting the Birmingham Group together, and she did a splendid job. She writes that she nearly wore out her telephone, but got twenty-three Agnes Scotters to come—the largest crowd for several years. They met at Mary Beard's Tea Room and particularly enjoyed the records. They'd like a movie for next year.

FLORIDA

Coral Gables: Montie (Sewell) Burns sends in a good report. We quote: "Just a note to say that our meeting was very satisfactory considering the competition we had—gas rationing, registering for Ration Book No. 2, sick babies, and a Heifetz concert. We had twelve present and we all enjoyed it very much. Miss Smith was here with us. She is a wonderful person and seems the same as she did eighteen years ago." Montie sent in some very interesting clippings with Alumnae news.

Orlando: The Orlando Club meeting got a splendid write-up in the local papers. We quote: "Agnes Scott alumnae met Monday for the annual Founder's Day luncheon. Those present were Imogene (Allen) Booth, of Tavares, chairman, and her sister, Mary Allen, of Decatur, who is visiting her and who is a recent graduate of Agnes Scott; Grace (Barger) Rambo; Lou Ella (Griffin) Williams who went to Agnes Scott the first year it was a college; Cynthia (Pace) Radcliffe; Faustelle (Williams) Kennedy; Mary (Hyer) Dale of Winter Garden, who has two sons serving in the armed forces, one in North Africa and the other stationed in Kansas; Mary (Jarman) Nelson. Mrs. Nelson

is the author of a book for small children entitled 'Fun With Music'." Imogene Booth says that Grace, who lives in Orlando, was responsible for the meeting. She contacted the alumnae in town and made the arrangements for lunch."

Tallahassee: The Tallahassee Group had an informal tea at F.S.C.W. at five o'clock on Founder's Day. Lib Forman sends in the names of those attending: Alberta (Palmour) McMillan, Bernice Beaty, Mrs. Clive Cross, Mrs. A. C. Kelly, Edith Elizabeth Lynn.

Tampa: Ellen (Allen) Irsch wrote that the Tampa Club held a meeting on Founder's Day which was very much enjoyed. There were eleven alumnae present, and the president, Violet (Denton) West, had an interesting program. A gift from the Tampa Club to the Alumnae House is greatly appreciated.

GEORGIA

Atlanta: The Atlanta, Business Girls', and Decatur Clubs met together at the Atlanta Athletic Club on Saturday, Feb. 20th. There were 123 present, and it was an inspiring sight to see all those Agnes Scotters. Colonel George S. Clarke of Atlanta was the guest speaker, and the honor guests included Dr. J. R. McCain, Dean Carrie Scandrett, Mrs. Clarke, and Dean S. G. Stukes. Marie (Simpson) Rutland, president of the Decatur Club, presided, and Ida Lois McDaniel was in charge of decorations. Araminta (Edwards) Pate, president of the Atlanta Club, and Marie (Stalker) Smith, acting Chairman of the Business Girls, were responsible for arrangements. Lucy (Johnson) Ozmer and Emma Pope (Moss) Dieckmann were in charge of the program.

KENTUCKY

Lexington: Miriam (Preston) St. Clair reports: "Though our regular meeting could not be arranged for February 22, we as a group wish to send greetings for the Founder's Day program. As many as can will gather to listen to the radio program on February 22. We are meeting every month and enjoying exchanging A.S.C. news and meeting different generations. Greetings from us all. Last month we had thirteen or fourteen but this time only seven." Those present were: Katherine (Griffith) Johnson, Mildred (Bradley) Bryant, Elise Derickson,

Margaret Helen Yundt, Ila Belle Levie, Mabel (Marshall) Whitehouse, and Miriam (Preston) St. Clair.

NEW YORK

The New York Club met at the Allerton on February 25th with twenty-one members present. Ruth (Pirkle) Berkeley presided over the meeting. Officers elected for the new year are: President, Martha (Walker) Gerrard; Vice-President, Miriam (Dean) Pierce; Secretary, Annie Laura (Galloway) Phillips; Treasurer, Dean McKoin. Julia Lake (Skinner) Kellersberger told of her work in Africa and gave a style show which everyone enjoyed. The club voted to send fifteen dollars to the Alumnae Association which is most appreciated. Julia Stokes, who sent in the news, is the aunt of Pat Stokes, one of this year's seniors. Those present at the meeting were: Dorothy (Mitchell) Ellis, Dorothy Chamberlain, Julia Lake (Skinner) Kellersberger, Frances (Markley) Roberts, Dean McKoin, Gene (Slack) Morse, Mary (Wells) McNeill, Emily Daughtry, Martha (Walker) Gerrard, Agnes L. Harris, visitor, Judy (Blundell) Adler, Betty Bolton, Douschka (Sweets) Ackerman, Norma H. Faurot, Margaret (Hansell) Potter, Margaret McColgan, Sarah (Cook) Thompson, Annie Laura (Galloway) Phillips, Frankie (McKee) Robbins, Ruth (Pirkle) Berkeley, Julia Stokes.

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte: Romola (Davis) Hardy writes that the Charlotte Club had a splendid meeting with thirty-seven members attending. She says: "We had one out of town alumna, Mrs. Marion Hunter who was one of the Stowe girls from Belmont. I believe her sister is May-Queen this year. She came all the way from Belmont to Charlotte on the bus to attend. Three of the leading ministers wives of the city of Charlotte were present. Mrs. Ray Jordan, Caroline Moody who was a day student when I was there, is the wife of Dr. Ray Jordan, pastor of the First Methodist Church here. Mrs. James A. Jones, '33, was Mary Boyd. Her husband is pastor of the Myers Park Presbyterian Church and one of the most brilliant ministers of the city. Mrs. James W. Stewart Jr. of 1930 was Margaret Ogden, whose husband is pastor of the Plaza Presbyterian Church. Another person present was

Mrs. Milton Candler, whose husband is the grandson of Col. George Washington Scott. She was Marian Sims of Birmingham. They live here now." Mary (Sprinkle) Allen who is secretary of the Group says that Evelyn Baty of Queens College faculty gave them some news of the Agnes Scott campus which she gathered on her Christmas visit.

Durham: The Durham Club met with the Chairman, Allene Ramage, and there were eleven people present. Allene says: "The records were grand. Charlotte Hunter brought her coffee and sugar, and I got cookies and peanuts, and we had a nice time. We had only Durham people, no Raleigh or Chapel Hill this year, but we had the largest attendance we've ever had. Those at the meeting were: Frances Brown, Charlotte Hunter, Mary (Primrose) Noble, Hazel C. Collings, Beryl L. Healy, Eva Ann Pirkle, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rankin. Mr. Rankin used to teach at Agnes Scott and is now at Duke. Their address is 1011 Gloria Ave., Durham. Mary Anne Hannah was also there, and Lillian (Baker) Griggs who is in the Woman's College Library at Duke.

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga: Anne McCallie writes that the Chattanooga Group met at the Girls' Preparatory School and enjoyed the records, view booklets and Quarterlies. Mary (Thatcher) Moses, was suggested for chairman for next year. Those attending were: Mary (Thatcher) Moses, Margaret McCallie, Alma (Roberts) Betts, Elizabeth (Stoops) Sibold, Mary (Walton) Earnest, Lillian (Johnson) Ramsay, Martha Buffalow, Cornelia Stuckey, Alice (McCallie) Pressly, Marion Chapman, and Anne McCallie.

Memphis: The Memphis Alumnae met on February 20th with the chairman, Sara (Armfield) Hill, presiding. Twelve members were present at the luncheon. Julia Jameson was elected chairman for the next term. Those at the meeting were: Louise (Capen) Baker, Ruth (Hall) Bryant, Elinore (Morgan) McComb, Margaret (Rowe) Jones, Margaret (Smith) Lyon, Marian Van Dyke, Charlotte Newton, Julia Jameson, Melville Jameson, Mrs. Town, and Mrs. Dunn.

Nashville: The Nashville Club was fortunate in having Dr. and Mrs. Phillip Davidson with them this year. Anna Marie (Landress) Cate writes that the group met at the Centennial Club at 10:30. Mrs. Davidson, assisted by Lavalette (Sloan) Tucker, poured coffee. Mrs. Cate says: "Of course it was an unusual treat to have

Dr. and Mrs. Davidson with us, and to hear him talk to us in such a delightful, informal way." Those at the meeting were: The Davidsons, Mary E. (Cunningham) Cayce, Josephine (Douglass) Harwell, Aline Graves, Shannon (Preston) Cumming, Lavalette (Sloan) Tucker, India (Jones) Mizell, Frances (Long) Parks, Sarah (Robinson) Sharp, and Anna Marie (Landress) Cate.

TEXAS

Austin: Lulu Daniel Ames sent in a clipping from the American Statesman about the Austin Founder's Day meeting. "Ex-students of Agnes Scott College, and a small group of high school senior girls will be honored at an informal tea to be given by Miss Lulu Daniel Ames on Monday afternoon at her home. The tea table will be centered by an arrangement of purple and white sweet peas, the college colors." Lulu writes: "Refreshments, incidentally, were tea and black walnut cake and sand tarts. The black walnut cake was made from Georgia walnuts, no less, and by me, no less. I am proud of that cake; the second such I ever made and the best, to date." The Austin Group enjoyed the record, and suggests that a recording of the Alma Mater be made for next year. Those present were: Lulu Ames, Luella Clayton, Caroline (Candler) Branan, Elizabeth Gribble, Nancy (Gribble) Nelson, Hallie (Robertson) Stayton, Mildred (Coit) Cates, Erlene Milstead, Kathleen Burke, Gloria Bramlett, Bettie Currie, Alice Wharton, Jane Knox, and Evelyn Brewster.

VIRGINIA

Lynchburg: Dorothy Jester ('37) writes that the Lynchburg Group got together on Founder's Day at an informal dinner party. "Just six were present, but we had a grand time talking about everything from the Institute to date, with a little rationing and current and local events mixed in. Those present were: Gladys (Camp) Brannon (ex-16); Mary Spottswood Payne ('17); Courtney Wilkinson ('27); Phyllis (Roby) Snead (ex-'27) Shirley (Davis) Taylor (ex-'45), and myself."

Norfolk: Bobbe (Brown) Fugate gives us a grand report from the Norfolk Group. She writes: "We met at the Ames and Brownley Tea Room at 1:00 o'clock on February 22nd. There was no formal program—we all reminisced, and talked, and listened to the record. We enjoyed the record, booklets, and Quarterlies very much. Though the role of getting together the Agnes Scott girls in this vicinity

was a new one, I thoroughly enjoyed it. I'm certainly indebted to Cary (Wheeler) Bowers for her help." Those meeting in Norfolk were: Florence (Ellis) Gifford, Cary (Wheeler) Bowers, Edna (Rosasco) Decker, Fannie May (Young) Robinson, Winona (Erbank) Covington, Frances (Rainey) McDaniel, Janet Newton, and Barbara (Brown) Fugate.

Richmond: The Richmond Group sent both the Alumnae Office and Dr. McCain greetings written when they held their Founder's Day meeting. "We hope all of you have had as wonderful a reunion as we have. We ate dinner at Gay Currie's home. Then Gay showed us some technicolor movies made her senior year which were so beautiful that we are all homesick for Agnes Scott. We had some good pictures on one reel of Mr. Cunningham, so that hearing the record was doubly good. Miss Torrance and Miss Smith sounded very natural." The meeting was attended by: Mary Jane King, Louise Sullivan Fry, Dorothy Graham, Margaret Bear, Harriette Cochran, Gay Currie, Augusta Roberts, Idelle Bryant, Miriam Bedinger, Henrietta Thompson.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ann Martin, secretary of the Washington Group, writes that they had a joint meeting and banquet with the Emory Alumni on the eighth of February at the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church. Jesse (Watts) Rustin is president of the club this year, and her husband, Dr. John Rustin, is president of the Emory Club. The date chosen lay between the Founder's Day of each, so stress was laid on the cooperation that is taking place between the two schools now. Ann says further: "Honestly I do not know when I have felt so much at home away from home as I did with the friends and friends of friends that were gathered there. Every single person had something particular to tell about what he was doing, and many and varied were the reasons for being in wartime Washington. Instead of our usual custom of having a speaker, Jesse Rustin planned a varied program of entertainment that included several very interesting musicians. Of course a most joyful note for all of us arose from the report on the success of the University Campaign, which certainly reached beyond expectation." Some time ago Jesse Rustin wrote that the Club had had a most interesting meeting on the first of December with Mrs. Francis B. Sayre (Elizabeth Evans) as the speaker. They plan to meet again on the thirtieth of March.

— Challenge To College Women —

WEEK-END CONFERENCE

Friday Evening, Feb. 26, to Saturday Evening, Feb. 27

The week-end of February 26th and 27th is a memorable one for those privileged to be present at the Conference on "College Women and the Challenge of the World Today." Miss Susan Cobbs was chairman of the Conference, and the speakers included Dr. Gillie A. Larew, head of the department of mathematics and acting dean of Randolph Macon; Dr. J. E. Greene, regional educational services representative, Office of Price Administration, Atlanta; Miss Ruth Scandrett of the U. S. Department of Labor, Division of Labor Standards, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Herman L. Turner, minister of the Covenant Presbyterian Church, Atlanta; Professor W. B. Stubbs, Emory University; Dr. J. J. Carney, Jr., economist of the War Manpower Commission, Atlanta; Mr. Malcolm Henderson, British Consul, Atlanta; First Officer Florence C. Jepson, personnel director for the WAAC, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Margaret Mead, associate curator in the Department of Anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City; Miss Ernestine Friedman, Office of Price Administration, Atlanta.

The challenge of the economic home front, labor problems, a right attitude toward racial minorities, the role of women in war production, British women and the war, opportunities for women in the enlisted services, the problems involved in laying the groundwork for a constructive peace were subjects for discussion during the conference.

Dr. Larew's talk, *The Whole Armor*, expressed vividly the challenge to college women today.

"One evening recently, as I listened to the precise and comforting voice of Raymond Gram Swing, performing the while the last rites of the day—clock-winding, a bit of laundry, some futile gestures toward self-improvement with cold cream and bobby pins—my telephone rang. Over the wires came the voice of a Lynchburg woman whose eighty years have sharpened rather than dulled her keen enthusiasm and energy. Without preface or apology or any regard for the neglected Mr. Swing, she proceeded to ask me what word of all there are in the dictionary best expresses Women's Contribution to Human Progress. The students in my audience and even some faculty members will understand



DR. MARGARET MEAD

Dr. Margaret Mead, one of the outstanding speakers at the week-end conference, is associate curator in the Department of Anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. Dr. Mead, in her talk, *Laying the Groundwork for a Constructive Peace*, stressed the idea that a study and understanding of anthropological differences should be the groundwork in laying plans for a constructive peace.

and sympathize, when I report that I stalled. My mind began to leap nimbly but unsystematically from woman to woman whom I have known in history. She answered her own question. The word she said is CONSERVATION.

"Whatever it may signify for the contribution of woman to civilization, that is a good word with which to begin an answer to those questions about the liberal arts college. It must be clear that a primary reason why you and I should go on with liberal arts is that there should be a chance for our children to know anything at all about liberal arts. It is a frightening thing to realize that one generation's neglect may destroy the inheritance of centuries. Mr. Wendell Willkie repeated to us a few weeks ago words that have been many times quoted in the last two or three years. 'To destroy Eastern civilization in America you do not need to burn its records in a single fire. Leave them unread for a few generations and the effect will be the same.'

"So we can make a strong case for the maintenance of the liberal arts education, even while we are at war,

in order that we may not lose the most precious of our intellectual possessions. Even in the fields dedicated to technical use and to the war effort—as the indispensable mathematics and physics and chemistry—we must not neglect the significant and enduring values. Techniques we must master and quickly; but we must not forget that these very techniques are the by-products of great principles and theories that must not be lost, that must endure to give birth to finer and more powerful instruments of the human mind.

"We talk a good deal about planning the peace; the blue-prints of a post-war world are well worth our drawing. But it is, I think, fairly clear that we, no matter how well we may contrive to agree on the larger plans, must work out experimentally and patiently, and not without a certain amount of trial and error the details of effective reconstruction.

"There is no subject in the curriculum that we cannot use, no one we do not need for this war. We must rethink the fundamental postulates on which we build our social, our national, our religious life. We must be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in us. We must know enough not to be frightened by false alarms and not to cry peace! where there is no peace.

"It seems fairly clear that now and until the situation becomes more acute than it is now thought to be, we can prepare ourselves for technical service within the framework of our liberal training. If from a third to a fifth of our time is spent on those subjects which bear directly on the war effort, we shall be achieving a reasonable preparation for our direct work and shall have time to devote to the larger and more enduring themes of education. We can alter our educational patterns without weakening the fabric.

"We can also take our education more seriously and devote more time to it, carrying heavier academic loads because we have lightened non-academic loads. We can, with due cautions, sacrifice some intensity of training and broaden the scope of our fields of study.

"I truly think that we women have a great responsibility to play a major role in conserving the heritage that is ours; I think we have a great task to
(Continued on Page 20)

THEY GAVE TO OTHERS

MARGARET RIDLEY, '33

President of Alumnae Association

In the Library at Agnes Scott College there is a Greek inscription which reads: "Having Torches, They Gave to Others." Throughout the years the graduates of the college have consistently held high the torches of the spirit, and "as one lamp lighteth another nor grows less", our alumnae have let their light shine along paths of good will and significant service.

No one will challenge the assertion that Agnes Scott alumnae have made a worthy record in the professions and in the varied callings of a changing world. But never have the times demanded so much of women as today, and it is natural that we express a just pride in those of our alumnae who have shown such conspicuous leadership among the women engaged in the many branches of the war effort.

As pressing as is the demand of our country for the service of women of exceptional gifts, there is also an urgent call to those of us who may be classed as mothers, teachers, librarians, leaders and counselors of the youth of today.

The war has carried into military service so many of our men, that it is the direct responsibility of women to preserve, promote, and perpetuate those ideals and those freedoms for which our men must fight. This challenge can best be met by the tender nurture and wise direction of our girls and boys—those citizens of tomorrow who determine the course that future civilization is to take.

To preserve the best from the past, to clarify the issues of the present, and to interpret these in terms of good will for the future is a problem that must be met by the women of today who are given the privilege of seeking a liberal education. As we answer this war call, we must march with steady tread and unflinching courage lest children following sense our fear and falter.

It is no easy task to carry these torches entrusted to our keeping. We must think clearly, act justly, and live by faith, that our way of life may be worth every sacrifice and that all children may see "the powers of darkness put to flight, may see the morning break."

If we women are to be worthy custodians of the four freedoms, we must realize the importance of the home, the church, and the school. We must glorify the responsibility of child welfare and all that it entails. Let us march to victory, Alumnae of Agnes Scott, with glowing torches that light the pathway for others, secure in the faith of

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph;

Held, we fall to rise; are baffled, to fight better,
Sleep, to wake."

IN MEMORIAM

The morning of February 4 a beloved member of the class of '42 died with pneumonia in a California hospital. *Suzanne Kaulbach Naylor* had been sick only six days and her death was a shock both to her family and her many friends.

Suzanne had been married just eight months to the day. Her wedding took place two days after graduation last June, and the many people who saw it will want to remember her as she was then, never more radiant and lovely. She went with Duncan to the various army camps, doing a wonderful job as wife of a chaplain. The many big and little things she did for others since June were just a continuation of her spirit during the years at Agnes Scott. Her experience ranged from canning tomatoes and redecorating furniture to being matron-of-honor for one of the girls who came "way out west" to marry a soldier sweetheart, and giving a reception after the wedding. When one of her California friends' baby arrived and the baby's grandmother could not get there soon enough to

help care for her, Suzanne took charge.

She lived a full life in her twenty-one years. Each of us will want to remember Suzanne in her own way. One quality which stood out from all the others was the way she lived each day for its present worth. She prepared herself for the future, but she lived in the present. I am sure Suzanne was ready when God called her. She made life sweeter, happier, and finer for her family, her husband, and for her many friends.

Mary Dean Lott.

Word comes to us as we go to press, of the death of *Edith (Camp) McLennan*, (Mrs. J. Alan), (ex-'25). She died quite suddenly on March eighth, in Birmingham. Her son, Alan, Jr., who is eighteen years old, was at home at the time of her death, having come from Auburn to register for the draft. Her daughter, Edith, is twelve. Her husband, according to our information, is at present stationed in Alaska. We extend our deep and heartfelt sympathy to all the members of Edith's family.





MAY QUEEN
MABEL STOWE, of Belmont, N. C.

Commencement Week-end

May 29th—June 1st

MAY 29th—

Trustee's Luncheon, honoring alumnae and seniors.
Rebekah Scott Dining Room, 1 o'clock.

MAY 30th—

Baccalaureate Sermon, Bishop Arthur J. Moore.
Gaines Chapel, 11 o'clock.

JUNE 1st —

Commencement Exercises, Gaines Chapel, 10
o'clock. President Goodrich White, of Emory Uni-
versity, speaker.

The program for this year is in charge of the Music Department

You are asked to watch for further
announcements.



AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

JULY, 1943

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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK



Dear Agnes Scott Alumnae:

We are presenting in this issue of the Quarterly revised development plans for the future of Agnes Scott. I wish to give some explanatory details so that you may be able to visualize the part of the program which must yet be carried out in order to realize the full dream.

As you look at the photograph of the plans, you will notice the familiar Inman Hall, Main Building, and Rebekah Scott Hall in the foreground; but the White House is cleared away, and the alumnae garden is extended. Anna Young Alumnae House, immediately to the rear of Inman, is the only building on Candler Street which we expect to retain.

Just beyond Inman Hall, as one looks at the plans, is a proposed building which resembles a church. It is intended to be a central dining hall and kitchen for the entire campus, with provision for an open terrace opening on the alumnae garden and two or three private dining rooms which may be used for faculty groups or for birthday parties and the like. As yet, we do not have any money available for this building.

A very interesting item on the plans, just to the right of the proposed dining hall, is the new location for Hopkins Hall, the dormitory which the alumnae are giving in large measure. It will stand exactly where the science hall is now located. The latter must be torn down before Hopkins Hall can be erected. It is now planned that the dormitory will be in an "L" shape and thus will accommodate perhaps 125 girls. The alumnae have subscribed \$109,000 toward the erection of this building, and the subscriptions are being paid very satisfactorily.

In looking at the plans again, immediately beyond Hopkins Hall will be located a new infirmary. It will be located where Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Tart now live, between the well-known tennis courts and Candler Street. We hope to be able to serve our own students much more fully from a health standpoint, and, at the same time, to run some specialized clinics for the benefit of the community. We do not yet have funds for the infirmary.

Immediately adjoining the infirmary is the new location for the Murphey Candler Building (the old library) which we hope to move without tearing down to a position just south of the present tennis courts. It is too good a building to destroy, but its location in front of the new library is very unsatisfactory from the standpoint of a long-range building program.

Those of you who have been at Agnes Scott in recent years will recognize that our finest buildings are located on an east-to-west axis, just back of Main Building and Rebekah Scott. From left to right in the photograph, they are the Bucher Scott Gymnasium, the library, Buttrick Hall, and Presser Hall. All of these have been in use for some years.

Just to the rear of Buttrick Hall is the proposed new science hall, for which we have received a gift of \$200,000. This will be a very large and beautiful building, and we will need to raise a considerable sum of money in order to erect it as planned. We hope that this can be started as soon as the emergency is over.

Immediately to the rear of the proposed science hall will be the quarters for the proposed "Department of the

(Continued on Page 2)

BOOK REVIEWS

To one reader, at least, the most important aspect of *Beyond Surrender*, Marian Sims' novel of the reconstruction South, is its timeliness. Today when most of us are thinking in terms of the new and better world we hope to see emerge from our own bitter war, the struggle of the Warden family to adjust itself to the complexities of life in post-war South Carolina involves each of us personally. The conflicts between the land-poor farmer and the merchant who holds the purse-strings, between Denis Warden, who cannot forget the past and John Jernigan, who cannot forget the future, between the white man and the black are conflicts which engage us now. For anyone who believes he has a tailor-made answer to the urgent question of race relations this novel should be required reading, as it should be for those few Southerners who still ask themselves in private the question that Denis Warden asked his friend, "Are negroes people?"

Beyond Surrender is a book about people, some black, some white, some acting on principle with complete personal integrity, some driven by ambition, or pride, or greed, or lust, all vigorous enough in mind or body to survive the difficult times in which they lived. Against a background of social, political, and economic upheaval detailed, and authentic in flavor, Mrs. Sims has been able to create a set of characters whose daily lives are important to us. Denis Warden's return from the war, his long and losing battle to make a living for himself and his family on the land at Brookhaven, his hasty marriage to Dolly, daughter of the merchant from whom he must borrow money from crop to crop, and his tragic love for Sharon are the salient points in a straightforward narrative that involves the reader personally in the life of Fairfax county, South Carolina. It is all there, the parades of the colored militia, the meetings of the Rifle club, the meetings of the Missionary society, the fantastic Victorian houses of the new rich, the color and taste and smell of the country, presented with perception and humor by a writer whose Southern birth and New England heritage seem to have fitted her specially for this particular task.

In the last analysis this is a novel of people reacting to ideas of their own or ideas wished upon them by strangers, ideas new and disturbing and important. It offers no answers, but it raises a good many questions that are still waiting for an answer. On the eve of the election which marked the final defeat of the Republicans in South Carolina, John Jernigan and Denis Warden stood in John's office celebrating their victory with a quiet drink, watching the crowds on the street below. Denis was thinking of the black men who had filled the state-house in Columbia since the war when he said, "Thank God, now we can put 'em where they belong." John looked at him quietly for a long time before he said, "Where do they belong, Denis?"

PAGE ACKERMAN, '33.

When a book is written by an Agnes Scott alumna, all of us sit up and proudly take notice. But imagine a book written by four alumnae about one graduate! Such a book is now in print.

The whole idea began in September, 1937, at Agnes Scott when members of the Christian Association cabinet decided that they would mimeograph letters and stories written by Betty Hollis to be circulated among those interested in having a copy. Elizabeth Hollis, known as "Betty", a member of the class of 1937, died three weeks after her graduation, but the memory of Betty was alive in the hearts of girls on the campus.

The letters were gathered and parts mimeographed, but when the Freshmen read the collection, they requested an introduction to the material so that future Agnes Scott generations might fully appreciate the significance of what they read. Winifred (Kellersberger) Vass ('38), began writing, and Henrietta (Blackwell) Ketcham ('39), continued the work. The next year, however, Christian Association decided that the material would make a book which would be useful particularly to young people of high school and college age. Isabel (McCain) Brown ('37), then spent a year re-working the material, and the final step was taken when Mrs. Julia Lake Kellersberger ('19), re-wrote the book in its finished form.

But why so much interest in one particular graduate? Because friends at Agnes Scott felt that her's was a life which they wished to share, a life which should not stop in its unusual Christian influence. So firmly did these girls believe in the power of Betty's life that they persisted in the writing and re-working of the material for six years.

In order to make *Betty, a Life of Wrought Gold* available to any person, the cost was kept down to one dollar per copy, and may be ordered from the John Knox Press, 8 North Sixth Street, Richmond, Virginia. Any profit made on the sale of the book will go to the establishing of a scholarship fund at Agnes Scott in memory of Betty.

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

(Continued from Page 1)

Home"; and across the quadrangle to the extreme right of the plans are proposed faculty apartments. The suggested colonnade between the faculty apartments and the other side of the quadrangle may not be needed.

At the extreme rear of the campus is shown the steam plant and laundry which we now use, and we hope to develop a lake in the woods which the College has bought on both sides of the Stone Mountain car line.

Not shown very clearly on the development plans are campus homes for the President, the Dean of the Faculty, the Dean of Students, and other administrative officers.

We would like very much to round out this building program within the next ten years. We will certainly be very much pleased to have any suggestions from you about the plans themselves or about how they should be developed.

Cordially,

J. R. MCCAIN, *President*.

BOOK REVIEWS

"*Biology, the Science of Life*". By Mary Stuart MacDougall in collaboration with Robert Hegner. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York. \$4.00.

"*Biology, the Science of Life*" is the culmination of years of thought and work by Dr. Mary Stuart MacDougall, Professor of Biology at Agnes Scott College. The friends and students of Miss "Mac", as she is affectionately known, expected a wonderful book to come from the enormous energy and perseverance which she put into its preparation; and those who are fortunate enough to read a copy will not be disappointed.

The size of the book may frighten the beginning student. However, when he begins to study the beautiful photographs and drawings so clearly labeled and annotated, he will appreciate the extra volume needed for their inclusion. He will also become aware that many interesting comments over and above the routine statement of facts keep him ever desirous of further reading.

It was the aim of the author to present the study of Biology as simply and yet as scientifically as possible. With the aid of her splendid illustrations, and thought-provoking questions at the close of each chapter to aid in the "digestion" of the subject, she has achieved this simplicity to such a degree that much profit can be obtained by studying the book without the formality of a classroom.

Realizing that students and instructors in various localities have different preferences in the arrangement of material, Miss "Mac" has afforded great flexibility in her text. A thorough system of cross-references from one section to another facilitates its use, whether types or principles are emphasized.

The book has seven divisions. Part I deals with the foundations of life and the interdependence of living things. A discussion of biological classification and unique illustrated outline of both the plant and animal kingdoms are included.

Parts II and III may be used as a ready reference for laboratory work if time does not allow a complete coverage of the book in the lecture period. These sections present

detailed descriptions of the morphology and physiology of a typical seed plant and of a typical vertebrate, followed by briefer accounts of representatives of the main groups of plants and animals.

General Biology: organs, systems, and their functions, and the biology of man are discussed in Part IV. Both plants and animals are considered and some repetitions of earlier sections occur. However, these serve to emphasize certain important principles. The chapters on Coordination and the Special Senses include much that is studied in Psychology.

Part V is an exposition of principles and theories concerning germ cells and fertilization, variation and heredity, adaptations and evolution, the field to which the author has contributed by her notable researches on protozoa. The many charts given here are especially instructive.

Biology in relation to human welfare, and conservation of plant and animal life are explained in Part VI.

In addition to a number of interesting portraits and bits of history scattered throughout the text, a short history of biology is presented as Part VII.

The student will also find the text enlightened with the etymology of technical terms given with their first appearance. This is ably supplemented by a

complete self-pronouncing glossary and an extensive index.

Thus with drawings and photographs, glossary and index, the author has efficiently supported her text. A very careful student may note several errors in page and figure references, but these do not detract seriously from a study of the volume.

It is extremely gratifying because of its rarity, that a work of such scholarship has been produced in the South. All her friends will rejoice with Miss "Mac" in so successful a conclusion to the stupendous task which she undertook; for both student planning to use biology professionally and serious laymen seeking to round out their liberal culture will find "*Biology, the Science of Life*" most profitable and enjoyable.

LUCILLE (COLEMAN) CHRISTIAN, ex-'30.



DR. MARY STUART MACDOUGALL

— Summer on the Brandywine —

ELLEN HAYES, '46

We were a bunch of noisy, barefoot cousins. There were twelve of us in all, of a variety of shapes and sizes, having in common the same grandparents and their farm, which was just above the Brandywine. From the edge of the farm we could look down on the muddy creek and across the fields to the Pennsylvania hills which rolled smoothly to the sky. Whenever we tired of climbing trees or of chasing each other about the lawn, we would race down to the creek to play.

There were exciting, happy days when it rained and rained and the creek rose and flooded its banks. On these rare days, we would run out barefoot after breakfast, each of us still eating his muffin or piece of toast. I remember one particular August flood. We all trooped down across the lawn, until we were above the creek, and then we stopped and stared at the angry, dangerous river the Brandywine had become overnight. The willow bushes which lined its banks were out of sight, and we could no longer see where the creek had been before, for now the fields were covered with a mighty, rushing sea, brown and terrible. And the sturdy, stone bridge stood alone in the midst, mocked by the waters that rushed past on either side. In our breathless excitement, we ran up and down the banks, calling shrilly to each other. All around our feet were poor sprawling beetles and spiders which tried to crawl to safety, but were swept roughly away into the current of the slowly rising river. A log swept past, a small one, and on it was perched a water rat. Just as it passed us, the log hit a tree, and the poor creature disappeared under the rush of the water. All the time there was the roar of the river, so that we had to shout; but we were so excited that nothing but shouting would have satisfied us. The current brought with it huge, heavy logs, and bright orange pumpkins torn loose from someone's garden—and squash and green tomatoes, bobbing merrily. Drowned chickens floated past, too, and the corpse of a sheep. But finally, after a whole day of rushing past, the river began to shrink again into the creek it had been before; and in a few days things began to look normal, though everywhere the water had been the tall grass was pressed flat, and the fields and gardens were covered with thick, brown mud.

Although floods were fun, we loved the Brandywine best when it was its quiet, usual self. We would cross the road by the side of the meadow, jumping down into the field of tall, sweet grass. We loved the feel of the weeds between our bare toes, but we stepped carefully to avoid the thorns. There were tall, purple milkweed plants on either side of the path, and orange monarch butterflies sailed lazily in the sun. Everywhere there were bees, incessantly rushing at the plants and forcing their way into the sweet centers of the flowers. The nearer we got to the river, the stronger was the delicious smell of mint and of wet creek mud. The cows were over by a clump of willow trees, the ground trampled and muddy where they had gone to the water to drink.

Here was the canoe, lazily bumping against the landing. On a pile of brush and twigs brought down by the floods, there was usually a water snake—so dry and like the sticks that we would never have seen it, except that our approach would send it streaking for the water, where it swam away into the current. Frogs would unexpectedly jump into the water with shrieks that startled us. Then we would pull the canoe to the shore and put our pillows into it. Finally

we would unlock ourselves from the stake and paddle out into midstream. If we paddled quietly near the shore, we could see an occasional snake entwined among the low hanging branches, or we would frighten little turtles on their perches atop logs, from which they would topple with faint splashes. Often we could pluck snakes from the trees and plunge them into the dark bag always kept handy in the canoe. There was usually a box of snakes on the back porch and a chorus of frogs in the pool. They never stayed long: the frogs always hopped away, and the snakes always managed to find a hole somewhere in the box; but we went right on collecting.

On the days when our energy was the greatest, we took the canoe upstream. Around the bend were the rapids. We would all get out and push the canoe over the swift shallow waters, lifting it over larger stones and stopping once in a while to rest our feet in a mass of thick water weed. Once over a rapids, we would climb in again and paddle quietly up the creek. Often we frightened a big white or blue heron from the water. And there were smaller water birds, too—kingfishers and silly little tottering sandpipers. Sometimes, when we passed the woods, we got out and played Indian among the trees. My cousin Patience—slim, brown, with long, dark plaits—made a perfect Indian. My short-haired sister and I, with my uncontrollable mop, had to imagine our plaits. On our way up the creek we would pass big red barns whose sides had been washed a paler rosy color by the rains. Sometimes we took along lunch and ate in a meadow, keeping a wary eye on the distant cows.

But coming home was the most fun, especially at night. Then we didn't have to paddle; we just drifted. The white mist would rise from the water and insects would begin their untiring singing, and the bull frogs, so small, yet with such incredibly loud voices, would begin to bellow. Now and then the noises would stop, and we could hear only the rippling of the canoe as it went through the water. The willow trees showed dark against the grey sky. Lights of farmhouses began to come on, and it was night.

—Reprinted from the May 1943 AURORA.

TO A SOLDIER

*You leave, and all our little world of plans
Comes tumbling into ruin: unliv'd dreams.
So suddenly our life is changed, it seems
That this great chaos must kill all it spans.
No time for dreams: cold facts must fight a war,
But we will dream again, as once before.*

*Remember how we sang in carefree ease?
Today a marching measure fills my heart;
It gives new courage to all those who part,
Yet all too soon its voice will cease to please.
Away with melodies: we march to war!
But we will sing again, as once before.*

*Men die! And life unfolds its glorious charm
To us, and fills us with the will to live!
Yet we must change, and be prepared to give
This living treasure, lest all come to harm.
Gladly we die to self, for this is war.
But we will live again, as once before.*

—Frances Kaiser '43

—Reprinted from the May 1943 AURORA.

COMMITTEE — REPORTS —

MEETING OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, MAY 29, 1943

The Agnes Scott Alumnae Association met on Saturday, May 29th, immediately following the Trustee's luncheon. The meeting was held in the chapel in Rebekah Scott with the president, Margaret Ridley, presiding.

The minutes of the last meeting were dispensed with, since they were printed in the July Quarterly of last year and alumnae had an opportunity to read them there.

A financial report for the year was presented by Frances McCalla, treasurer. The report showed a reserve on hand of \$1,310.82. There are still some expenses for the last month to come out of this fund. Miss McCalla then presented the budget as it was drawn up by the Executive Board, and it was decided to accept the budget as presented.

Harriotte Brantley, alumnae secretary, gave a brief report of some of the work done during the year.

Miss Ridley gave a report of the Executive Board meeting and called attention to the fact that all reports will be published in the July issue of the Quarterly. She then recognized the various Committee Chairmen who were present. Special thanks go to Mrs. Bonner Spearman, chairman of the Entertainment Committee, for her splendid work.

Betty Lou (Houcke) Smith read a list of the alumnae chosen by the Nominating Committee. They are as follows: *First Vice-President*: Susan (Shadburn) Watkins, '26; *Secretary* Ida Los McDaniel '35; *Publicity Chairman*: Emma (Moss) Dieckmann, '13; *Tearoom*: Marion (Fielder) Martin, '31; *Second Floor*: Katherine (Woltz) Green, '33; *Constitution and By-Laws*: Lucy (Johnson) Ozmer, ex-'10; *Student Loan*: Julia (Smith) Slack, ex-'12. Mrs. Smith then turned the meeting back over to the president, who called for nominations from the floor to fill the chairmanship of the Grounds Committee. Eugenia Symms, '36, was elected to the chairmanship of the Grounds Committee.

Miss Ridley asked if there were any other business. She thanked all the members of the Board for their fine help during the year, and the meeting was adjourned.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD, MAY 25, 1943

The spring meeting of the Executive Board was held at the Alumnae House on Tuesday, May 25th, with the president, Margaret Ridley, presiding.

In the absence of the secretary, Julia (Thompson) Smith, the minutes of the last meeting were read by Harriotte Brantley, alumnae secretary. One correction was made to the minutes in order that they should read that it will not be compulsory to send a list of the nominees and their qualifications to the Alumnae, but rather that it is agreed that that will be done by the executive secretary. Members were unanimous in agreeing that it was better not to change the constitution to include the suggestion.

The Finance Committee's report was presented by Frances McCalla, treasurer, and the proposed budget for 1943-'44. The total of the new budget was \$3,202.50 plus the reserve carried over from this year. There was some discussion as to whether the cut in the allotment to some of the committees was justified, particularly in the case of the Entertainment Committee, which has used only a small part of its allotment for this year due to present conditions. However, it was moved and passed that the budget be adopted as it was presented.

Harriotte Brantley presented her report of work done by the executive secretary, the first part of the year's work being done and reported by letter by Nelle (Chamlee) Howard, who served as secretary until the middle of the year. This report is given in full under another heading.

The report of the Radio Committee as made by the chairman, Jean Bailey, was read by Harriotte Brantley. The theme this year was, *Agnes Scott, a Liberal Arts College, Prepares for Its Part in the Post-War World*. There was discussion as to whether the radio program should be continued, since it seems to reach so few of the Alumnae outside of Atlanta and vicinity. This was particularly true this year, according to reports received from Alumnae.

Virginia (Heard) Fedar gave a brief report of the Alumnae Week-End Committee. The number attend-

ing this year compares favorably with that of other years, and it is believed that the morning-evening type of Alumnae Week-End is a successful way of handling the situation brought on by the war.

Elizabeth (Simpson) Wilson presented a report for the Second Floor Committee. The Pink bedroom was redecorated, and the ceilings in the Pink and Blue bedrooms were repapered. Remaining funds were to be used to work over the Green-Striped Room.

Julia (Smith) Slack reported that the Student Loan Fund had a balance in the bank of \$239.12.

Mrs. Webb, the tearoom manager, handed in a good report, the tearoom having not only paid expenses but also netted a good surplus. Mrs. Webb will not be able to come back another year. Harriotte Brantley reported on an interview she had had with Mrs. Bunnell, the house mother of the Emory Sigma Nu House. Mrs. Bunnell had made the suggestion that she would like to take over the management of the tearoom if it could be arranged for two people to act as joint-managers. She had in mind a friend of her's, Mrs. Harris, who might be able to accept the joint managership. It was pointed out that a new stove is badly needed for the kitchen, the old one being so worn that it cannot be repaired and so that it is really dangerous. It was decided that this fact should be called to the attention of the new tearoom committee.

Permission was given for Caroline Black to room in the Alumnae House next year. It was suggested that it might be wise to get another permanent roomer for the next year, since there will probably be fewer transient guests.

It was decided to set aside the sum of \$50.00 to buy gifts for the members of the Agnes Scott faculty and administration who are retiring this year. These are: Mr. Cunningham, Mrs. Sydenstricker, Miss Torrance, Miss Lewis.

The president announced that Harriotte Brantley will not be able to come back next year as executive secretary. Names of persons who might be contacted for the job were suggested. It was discussed as to whether or not it might be arranged to have someone from Decatur or Atlanta do the work in the office during the day and have a boarder act as hostess in the House and take care of any business that came up at night.

At the close of the meeting refreshments were served. The meeting was adjourned by the president.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Executive Secretary:

The secretary's report this year is a collaboration, the first part of the year's work being carried on by Nelle (Chamlee) Howard and the latter part by Harriotte Brantley, who came in January to take Nelle's place in the Alumnae Office.

The month of August was spent investigating tea room manager prospects, in absence of Tea Room Committee chairman and in securing the services of Mrs. Sarah Saley. She resigned after three weeks because of her health, so the secretary kept the tea room open for a week until another manager could be secured. Mrs. W. J. Webb, of Carrollton, took charge October 12, and the secretary endeavored to cooperate with her to the fullest.

Worked with House Decoration Committee and supervised the placing of the Chinese panel and crystal chandelier in the dining room and the large mirror in the hall. Met with Second Floor Committee and outlined plans for the year and assisted in planning details for the Pink room. Also worked with the Garden Committee, supervising colored gardener at times and making plans with Mrs. Holt in the absence of the Alumnae Garden chairman, Mrs. Fleming.

Met with the Alumnae Week-End Committee for making tentative plans for the 1943 Week-End. Worked out details with Dr. McCain, Miss Scandrett, the dietitians, Mrs. Smith and the Decorations Committee. Made arrangements for several members of each class to phone the local members, inviting them to attend the programs. Arranged for Grand-Daughters Club members to assist at the registration desk. Worked out details for publicity in connection with the Lecture Association. Special thanks go to Mary C. (Williamson) Hooker for her splendid work. Guests at the luncheon numbered about 115. Guests attending the afternoon meeting numbered about 80 and a small percentage stayed for the dinner and the evening lecture. The number attending compares favorably with other years. While the afternoon and evening program as followed this year may not be the most successful type of lecture program, it does seem indicated that it would more than hold its own with the Friday and Saturday morning type of Alumnae Week-End.

During the fall and winter two issues of the Quarterly were edited with a special feature on alumnae in the war compiled by the secretary under the heading "In the Service."

Trained three scholastic students who were new this year and supervised

routine work done by the six students who work regularly in the office.

Editorial type letters were gotten out to 1,000 former members of the Association, the list of names being taken from the classes of '38, '39, '40, '41, and '42. These letters were to interest the alumnae in re-joining the Association.

The secretary acted as sponsor of the Grand-Daughters Club, entertaining the members at the alumnae house on two occasions and contributing to a fund to help them get up a float to be used in the Mardi Gras celebration.

Because of transportation difficulties the Founder's Day plans had to be altered, the large district divisions created in 1941 being cut so that alumnae would not have so far to travel in order to attend the meetings. Twenty meetings were held in ten states and many alumnae wrote that they were planning to listen to the radio program even though they were unable to attend a meeting. The secretary worked with Jean Bailey and Roberta Winter in making out the radio program which was presented over station WGST. The Atlanta Club meeting was most successful, there being more than 100 members and guests present. Flowers from this meeting were presented to Dr. Mary F. Sweet and Miss Louise McKinney and to Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

The record series begun in 1940 was added to, with a reproduction of a talk by Mr. Cunningham and an interview of Miss Lillian Smith. Many of the former records were sent out from the office at the request of various alumnae.

Secretary supervised the repapering of the ceilings in the Pink and Blue rooms and the cleaning of the wallpaper in the downstairs and upstairs halls and the upstairs bedrooms. Repapering was done by the Southern Construction Company and the work was given a two-year guarantee. The cleaning of the paper was done by Mr. Homer Gibbs. The large rugs in the dining room, sitting room and hall were cleaned by Mr. C. S. Hall and the small yellow sofa was also cleaned. The yellow chair in one of the bedrooms was re-worked and \$3.00 towards having it recovered was donated by Florinne (Brown) Arnold.

After conferring with Dr. McCain, Miss Scandrett and Miss Margaret Ridley, it was decided to do away with some of the Commencement activities and a letter explaining this was published in April Quarterly. A form letter was gotten out to all members of the reunion classes and the idea of a "Bonded Reunion" as outlined by

Cornell University was suggested. Response to these letters has been splendid.

Secretary served on the Nominating Committee and had the ballots printed and addressed to paid members. Ballots this year were printed on double postal cards and the method seems to be very successful as a large percentage of those mailed out have been returned to the office.

Invitations to the Trustees' Luncheon were addressed and mailed and plans for seating arrangements, decorations, etc. were worked out with Miss Scandrett, the dietitians, and Mrs. Bonner Spearman, the chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

It was decided to have an Open House in Murphey Candler building in place of the usual garden supper given for the returning alumnae and the seniors. Invitations were extended to the alumnae through the clubs and the secretary personally invited the members of the senior class and members of the administration. She also helped Mrs. Spearman work out details of the Open House such as getting people to serve, etc.

Throughout the year the secretary has acted as hostess for alumnae or other guests in the house and has tried to make it as pleasant as possible for them, being glad to assist with train or bus reservation, schedules, etc.

Among other distinguished guests entertained this year were: Dr. Margaret Meade, associate curator in the Department of Anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History of New York City; Dr. Gillie A. Lawren, acting dean of Randolph-Macon; and Mr. Baen Chu, who is connected with the Student Christian Movement.

The secretary was interested in having the office on second floor redecorated and used the money obtained through the sale of magazines for that purpose. The walls and ceiling were done over and some bright prints were framed and hung on the walls.

Before leaving for the summer the secretary supervised the closing of the house, covering furniture, packing away silver, etc. The July issue of the Quarterly was edited and last-minute details were attended to.

The secretary has endeavored to keep personal contact with as many of the alumnae as possible by letter because she feels that for the duration letters must be the main source of contact between Agnes Scott and her "Daughters."

Harriotte Brantley, '32.
Executive Secretary.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Second Floor Committee:

On Hand (1943-'43):

Budget	\$50.00
From last year	1.25
Gift of House Guest	1.25
Gift of Atlanta Club	9.00
Extra Allowance from College	20.00
Club Gifts	7.33

\$88.83

Expenditures:

Sheets	\$ 9.52
Repairs	2.50
Curtains	6.75
Curtains	3.89
Chair	12.95
Lamp	6.98
Rugs	12.70
Guest Towels	2.10
Wash Cloths	1.50
Repairs to Ceilings in Pink and Blue Rooms	16.00
Decorations for Green Room	13.85

\$88.83

Signed,

Elizabeth (Simpson) Wilson, 31,
Chairman.

TEAROOM

May 25, 1943

Total on hand (cash)	\$101.00
The following assets:	
In bills	25.00
Scheduled banquet	44.00

Expenses to be met:

One week's payroll

One month's gas bill

Expenditures: (Expenses such as food, ice, etc. are met daily)

Cleaning	5.00
Washing Drapes	1.50
Supplies	8.50

Committee Expenditures:

Water Glasses	3.00
Cups and Saucers	6.00
Repairs for Toaster	3.50

Gifts:

- One dozen crystal plates
- One dozen crystal goblets
- One dozen crystal glasses

Report of the Alumnae Week-end Committee

In view of the present transportation difficulties, the committee felt it best to hold all the meetings on November 12 so that Alumnae from town could come and spend the day. The theme chosen for this year was "Meeting Today's Challenge"

Lt. Mildred McFall of the Waves, ex-'24, opened the day with "Women in the War" in which she told how a girl's major interests in college can be

utilized in placing her in the Wave program. Following this talk Dr. Goodrich White, newly elected president of Emory University, spoke on "The Impact of the War on Higher Education" telling of the many changes that are being made in the curricula of colleges because of war demands.

The Alumnae then enjoyed the exhibits in the Library. Under Miss Hanley's supervision there was a group of interesting and timely maps and war books, and Miss Lewis had arranged a fine collection of pictures.

The college very graciously was hostess at dinner in Rebekah Scott dining room to all Alumnae and their husbands. Afterwards the Alumnae attended the opening of the current season of the Student Lecture Association to hear Hallett Abend, New York Times' Far Eastern Correspondent, speak on "Our Destiny in Asia". The "week-end" then closed with a reception in the Murphy Candler building. There were about 115 Alumnae present.

VIRGINIA HEARD FEDER,
(Mrs. John G.), '33.

RADIO:

The Committee reports that the Agnes Scott Radio program, which this year was confined to the annual Founder's Day event, was planned and executed in the following manner:

I. Committee Personnel:

- A. Jean Bailey
- B. Roberta Winter
- C. Harriotte Brantley

II. Program Plan:

A. Theme: Agnes Scott, a liberal arts college, prepared for education in a post-war world.

B. The program was made up of short talks on the various phases of the theme by:

1. Dr. McCain, representing the Administration of the college.
2. Miss Scandrett, reporting on the year's activities among the students.

3. Miss Margaret Ridley, president of the Alumnae Association, representing the entire body of Alumnae.

III. Performance:

A. Program this year was given by WGST.

B. Time: February 22, 1943; 10:15-10:30 P. M.

Respectfully submitted,

JEAN BAILEY, '39,
Committee Chairman.

Report of House Committee

May 4, 1942, to May 4, 1943

INCOME:

Brought forward from May 4, 1942	\$ 74.95
Birthday gift from Mrs. Eagan	25.00
Interest from undesignated fund	85.50
Gift from Atlanta ASC club (1942-'43)	15.00
Gift from Decatur ASC club (1942-'43)	5.00
Additional grant from Trustees	20.00
	\$225.45

DISBURSEMENTS:

Mirror for Hall, W. E. Browne Decorating Co.	\$ 27.00
Paper and labor for Dining Room, M. Dwoskin & Son	43.50
Chandelier, W. E. Brown Co.	100.00
Labor and Installation of Chandelier, Capital Electric Co.	10.26
Crystal for table, Rich's Inc.	9.12

\$190.88

Income	\$225.45
Disbursements	190.88

Balance \$ 34.57

MRS. FONVILLE MCWHORTER,
(Willie Belle Jackson), '17.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Student Loan:

February 3, 1943—received of Nelle (Chamlee) Howard, acting secretary \$201.42

Deposits:

March 4, 1943—for account of Mary Anne Barfield 25.00

March 4, 1943—for account of Evelyn Baty 12.10

(Account of Evelyn Baty closed)

April 27, 1943—for account of Mary Codington 5.60

Total \$244.12

Withdrawals:

February 16, 1943—loan to Margaret Drummond 5.00

Balance \$239.12

Respectfully submitted,

Julia Pratt Slack, Ex-'12,
Chairman, Student Loan Committee

From A Tower Window



Agnes Scott Faculty Members Receive Research Awards

S. G. Stukes, registrar and dean of faculty at Agnes Scott and executive secretary of the advisory faculty council of the University Center in Georgia, recently announced that three Agnes Scott faculty members are among the grantees receiving grants-in-aid from the Center for special research during the coming year.

The committee awarded \$500 to Dr. Ellen Douglass Leyburn of the English department for a study of the background of Wordsworth's ecclesiastical sonnets; \$250 to Dr. E. H. Runyon of the biology department for continuation of research in the organization of separate cell-units of dictyostelium into a multicellular body; and \$100 to Dr. Catherine S. Sims of the history department for continuation of work on a critical edition of Henry Elsynge's "Expedicio Bellarum Antiquitus." The grants received by Dr. Sims and Dr. Runyon are further awards for work in the same subjects for which they had been given previous grants. In addition to these grants extension of time for the completion of work already started was given to Dr. Mary Stuart MacDougall, head of the biology department.

Dr. Leyburn, who received one of the two largest grants given, will do her research in the libraries of Yale University and Harvard College this summer. Dr. Runyon plans to do most of his work, which will consist chiefly of writing up his findings, on the Agnes Scott campus.

Dr. Sims will continue her work on "Expedicio Bellarum Antiquitus" in Atlanta libraries.

Eight Seniors, One Alumna Elected to Phi Beta Kappa

Announcement of the election of eight seniors and one alumna to the Georgia Beta chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary fraternity, was made in chapel Saturday, May 8.

Miss Florence Smith, associate professor of history and president of the local chapter, stated the purpose of the society as being "the encouragement of scholastic and cultural interest among students and graduates" and presented the qualifications for Phi Beta Kappa membership, which includes not only high scholastic achievement but also character, capacity, breadth of interest, and general promise.

Seniors elected were Martha Dale, former editor of the

Agnes Scott News, member of Mortar Board, and recipient of an Agnes Scott letter in athletics; Jane Elliot, president of the Poetry club, managing editor of the *Aurora*, and a member of B. O. Z.; Nancy Green, a junior transfer, member of Chi Beta Phi and reporter for the *Agnes Scott News*; Elizabeth Hartsfield, transfer, and conservation chairman of the War Council; Dorothy Holloran, president of Mortar Board, secretary of student government 1941-42, and president of her sophomore class; Frances Kaiser, former managing editor of the *Agnes Scott News*, secretary of Mortar Board, and a member of Pen and Brush club; Ruth Lineback, editor of the *Silhouette*, member of Mortar Board and Chi Beta Phi, and recipient of the national Chi Beta Phi key; and Margaret Shaw, transfer, assistant business manager of the *Aurora*, secretary of French club, and member of lower house of student government. All of the newly elected members were on Honor Roll.

Miss Patricia Collins, class of 1928, was the only alumna honored. After her graduation from Agnes Scott, she obtained her law degree from Emory University, and is now one of the two assistants to the Attorney General in Washington, D. C.

Government Athletic Program to Be Instituted at Agnes Scott

An intensive course in physical training, including the increase of physical training from three to five hours a week, will be begun at Agnes Scott College next fall, according to President J. R. McCain and Miss Llewellyn Wilburn, associate professor of physical education.

"In addition to the regular gym classes there will be a fundamentals course stressing strength, endurance, flexibility, relaxation, and body control," Miss Wilburn said.

New students who show their attainment of certain levels of fitness will be excused from the fundamentals course and advance to other classes. The fundamentals course will be three hours a week for fifteen weeks.

Seniors will not be required to take the courses, although Dr. McCain said, "They should want to take these courses." Dr. McCain also revealed that there will be a fitness course for faculty members.

Romance From "Iolanthe"

When the Emory Glee Club and the Agnes Scott Glee Club combined their talents to present the Gilbert and Sullivan musical comedy "Iolanthe" three years ago, it was a story of romance within and without the lilting, musical play.

Two marriages are the result of that production of "Iolanthe." Ruth Tate, ex-'39, of the Agnes Scott Club, became the bride of Jack Boozer, of the Emory singers last year. Jack, who was graduated from Emory last year, is now attending the Boston School of Theology.

Then in the Sunday, April 18, edition of The Atlanta Journal, the engagement of Annie Wilds, '42, who was also of that cast, and Powers McLeod, who sang in the same production, was announced. Powers will be graduated in Theology in June, and their marriage will take place right after his graduation.

Acting Cup Awarded to Ruby Rosser

For the best acting during the year, Ruby Rosser, '43, received the Claude S. Bennett Cup at the recital of contemporary poetry given on April 23 by advanced speech students under the direction of Miss Frances Gooch.

Those taking part on the program were Zena Harris, Laurice Looper, Ruby Rosser, Virginia Lucas, and Martha Marie Trimble.

Student to Enter Army Air Corps

From faculty, to student, to army—such is the life of Ruth Bastin who was once on the faculty of Agnes Scott as a nurse, who is now a sophomore, and who will go into the army as a nurse on July 1.

Ruth finished her nurse's training in 1940 and came here as a nurse for the next year and a half. In her hours off duty, she went to classes on the campus and studied. She went to the University of Chicago for summer school and entered Agnes Scott last September as a sophomore.

Last Wednesday, Ruth was notified that she has been accepted as a volunteer army nurse. She plans to ask for service in the air corps, which she says is "simply the best part of the army." This field of service may lead her to a place in the Hospital Evacuation Corps which uses flying hospital transports in its work.

Registrar Announces Enrollment Increase

"In spite of the war, Agnes Scott has to date the largest registration in its history," stated Mr. S. G. Stukes, registrar of the college. Although the number of boarders remains more or less constant, there is a slight variation in the number of day students.

According to reports from other schools, including Emory and Randolph-Macon College for Women, there is an increased registration in these colleges also, this fact holding true in men's colleges as well as women's.

Girls to Sing at Chautauqua: Joella Craig, '43, from Walhalla, South Carolina, and Barbara Connally, '44, from Tampa, Florida, will spend eight weeks of their summer vacation singing with the chorus of the Chautauqua Opera Association at Chautauqua, New York. The purpose of the Association is to give promising young singers experience on the stage through the production of light operas and operettas. The jobs last from the first of July to the first of September, two weeks of the time being spent in rehearsals. During the other six weeks there will be two or three hours of practice a day and a performance each night.

May Day: The theme of May Day this year was a dance contest among the four season. The pageant was written by Anastasia Carlos, '44, and Elizabeth Edwards, '44, and was presented in the May Day Dell at five o'clock on the afternoon of May first. Mrs. J. J. Espy accompanied the entire production, playing original music by Mr. C. W. Dieckmann, professor of music. The May Queen, Mabel Stowe, was dressed in a gown of white lace and net, and wore a crown of white flowers. Her attendants wore similar gowns in green, and carried bouquets of pastel garden flowers. Those taking the parts of the seasons were: *Spring*, Leona Leavitt; *Summer*, Page Lancaster; *Fall*, Jeanne Carlson; *Winter*, Betty Jane Hancock.

Mortar Board: Ruth Kolthoff, of Miami, Fla., was made president of Mortar Board for the coming year, and "Bunny" Gray, of Smithville, Ohio, secretary. Other members are: Elizabeth Edwards, of Decatur; Clare Bedinger, of Asheville, N. C.; Mary Maxwell of West Palm Beach, Fla.; Aurie Montgomery, of Birmingham, Ala.; Anne Ward, of Selma, Ala.; Ann Jacob, of Decatur; Katherine Phillips, of Tallahassee, Fla., and Virginia Tuggle, of Atlanta.



IN THE SERVICE



The Alumnae Office has recently begun a service file for keeping the names, ranks, and addresses of those Alumnae who are members of the WAACS, WAVES, etc. We realize that the information we have is not complete and will welcome any additional news. We are printing the list of names as we have it at the present time.

WAACS

Auxiliary Mary Blakemore (ex-'43), 72nd WAAC Post Hq. Co., HRPF Norfolk Army Base, Norfolk, Va.

Lt. Martha Eskridge ('33), WAAC Headquarter's Staff, Washington, D. C.

First Office Catherine (Happoldt) Jepson ('33), General Staff, WAAC Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Ruth Virden ('22), South Post, Fort Myer, Va.

Auxiliary Evalyn Wilder, A-402198 ('30), Second WAAC Training Center Co., Fort Des Moines Army Post Branch, Des Moines, Iowa.

WAVES

Virginia A. Earle, AS, USNR ('29), Billett 102 A, Section II, Naval Training School, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Ensign Sybil Grant ('34), Naval Air Base, Jacksonville, Florida.

Jane Grey, AS, USNR ('29), Northampton, Mass.

E. Penn Hammond, AS, USNR ('38), Billett-55, Northampton, Mass.

Midshipman Kennon Henderson, USNR, M.S., V-9 (ex-'38), Hotel Northampton, Northampton, Mass.

Rebekah Hogan ('41), USMCR (WR), South Hadley, Massachusetts.

Midshipman Judith E. Hyde, WR ('23), Naval Reserve Midshipman School, Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts.

Dorothy C. Lee, AS, USNR ('38), USNR Midshipman's School (WR), Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Helen Lewis, AS, USNR ('27), Naval Reserve Midshipman's Training School, Northrop House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Ellen Little, AS, USNR ('27), Midshipman's School, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Midshipman Margaret Marshall ('31), USNR (WR), Northampton, Mass.

Lt. Mildred McFall, 1428 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

Midshipman Mary McQuown ('42), USNRMS (WR), South Hadley, Mass.

Midshipman Virginia I. Milner ('40), USNR (W) NR, Midshipman's School, Northampton, Mass.

Elizabeth Gentry Moore, AS (ex-'41), USNRMS (WR), Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

Lt. Janet Newton ('17), USNR, NOB, Norfolk, Va., % District Personnel Office.

Lou Pate, ASV-9, USNR ('39), NRMS, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Ensign Helen (Hardie) Smith ('41), 232 Zamora, Coral Gables, Fla.

Eleanor B. Starcher, AS, USNR ('22), Northrop House, Northampton, Mass.

Frederica Twining, AS, USNR (ex-'35), NRMS, Northampton, Mass.

INCOMPLETE ADDRESSES:

Eugenia Bridges ('40), WAVES.

Lil Croft (ex-'38), WAVES.

Lulu Croft (ex-'38), WAVES.

Ensign Eloise Estes ('38), WAVES. Eloise was married on May 6th at the First Methodist Church in Decatur to Malcolm Gordon Kaiser.

Rudene C. Taffar, AS, USNR (WR) ('34), WAVES.

ALUMNAE AID IN RESEARCH



Evangeline Papageorge, '28, who is assisting Dr. George T. Lewis, head of the biochemistry department of Emory University in research to determine what effect the food shortage, and the difficulty of maintaining balanced

diets with plenty of vitamins, will have on our health. Also assisting in the research is Virginia (Heard) Feder, '33, whose husband, Dr. John Feder, was among those taken prisoner when Guam fell to the Japs. Both

alumnae studied also at Girls' High, Emory, and the University of Michigan. An article about their most recent work was written by Mr. Willard Neal and published in the magazine section of the Atlanta Journal, Sunday, April 18, 1943.

Our Part in the World Today and Tomorrow

CAMA (BURGESS) CLARKSON, '22

"We believe that moral law, no less than physical law, undergirds our world . . . If man is to escape chaos and recurrent war, social and political institutions must be brought into conformity with this moral order."

Thus begins the first of the guiding principles adopted by the National Study Conference on the churches and a Just and Durable Peace, a conference called by the Federal Council of Churches to meet in March, 1942, in Delaware, Ohio.

The purpose of the gathering was not so much to give out information as to bring together the thinking of numerous church groups on the part the churches should play in building this new world. Therefore the total number present, less than four hundred, was divided into four sections for discussion. Most of the time was spent in meetings of these small groups. There were only six formal lectures, these delivered by men considered experts in the several fields which they covered. From the topics assigned each group you can realize the nature of the discussion: first, the Relation of the Church to a Just and Durable Peace; and the other three divided respectively between the Political, Economic, and Social Bases of a Just and Durable Peace.

It was agreed in the beginning that there should be no discussion of the war, nor of its significance in the Christian world. There were some who felt that this was an unrealistic position to take since the war and the peace are so closely bound. On the other hand the over-whelming majority agreed that not only was the subject beyond the province assigned to us and the time insufficient for its discussion, but that many who could not agree on the war subject could work together in building the peace. Therefore any discussion of the war was ruled out of order. However it was generally understood that of course all the plans suggested for building the post war world were based on the assumption of an Allied victory.

The resolutions which were adopted by the sections individually and then by the conference as a whole were not the work of just a few leaders but represented the thought of the entire group, the result of long discussion, the give and take of ideas in a democratic fashion. Therefore we may accept them as a composite of what Christian people in our country are thinking about our part in all of this, not necessarily final conclusions but at least the markings of certain milestones along the way to our goal—the building of a world in which a peace can be made that will endure because it is based on moral justice and righteousness.

In a limited space I shall not attempt even to summarize these findings. They are published and are being studied in various ways by the different branches of the church who have accepted this responsibility. Perhaps, you as women are already studying them in your auxiliaries. But there are a few impressions from the conference as a whole which have remained with me and have become even more fixed as the days have gone by. I should like to mention them.

First, there seemed to me a very definite facing of reality, something which has not always been found at church meetings nor among peace groups. I am sure you have all had the experience I have of attending a conference at which you were very thrilled and quite lifted up, only to return home and to feel that you had been in another world totally removed from the workaday one in which we live and unrelated in any fashion to it. Nothing really carried over. But at Delaware I felt quite differently. It seemed to me that these people were trying to face facts and to study their practical application.

For example, there was a general acceptance of the basic fact that the whole world order, social, political, and economic, is undergoing a tremendous changing process, call it evolutionary, revolutionary, or what you will, and that it is up to people who believe in a moral order to set the direction in which these changes will move.

In the group discussion on the Church's relation to this new order I was interested in seeing that they were not satisfied with the adoption of only general basic principles; is fairly easy to agree on ideals, but it is in their application that the rub comes. These people insisted on finding ways in which their ideals could be practiced by individual churches and by the individuals themselves who make up these churches.

The same spirit was evident in all the groups. The political section was anxious to find just what the cost would be for us to set up a real world government, and whether we would be willing to make the necessary surrender of a part of our national sovereignty.

The economic group spent much of its time on the question of our own economics, whether the profit system as we have had it can be truly Christian, also whether we as a nation would be willing to make the economic sacrifice required for the world we want to see, whether we would be willing to turn over all tariff regulation to an international trade commission, etc.

The social group was not satisfied with calling for an idealistic world wide democracy but asked that at the same time we establish a true democracy in our own country, calling attention to certain specific social evils which we have allowed too long. There was a call for real democracy within the Church itself, and for fellowship and cooperation among its different branches. In all of this you can see the evident desire to be practical about these things, not to spend time in talking alone but in doing something.

And then there was borne in upon us very strongly our individual responsibility both as citizens of the United States and as members of the Christian Church. In the first capacity, we belong to the richest, strongest, and most influential country in the world today; as such, what we say and what we do affects the rest of the world to a degree whose extent we cannot measure.

Then, as members of the Christian Church, we belong to the only body international which today remains unbroken. Because of its supernatural quality, rising above the lines that divide States, the Church is the same throughout the world, whether it is composed of those of us who worship in safety, of those German Christians who felt first the cruelty of Nazi intolerance, of those stalwart bishops in Norway refusing to bend the knee to Anti-Christ, or of that group of Japanese Christians keeping vigil day and night in their little church for a solid week before Pearl Harbor praying that their country might pursue the path of peace.

And finally it seems to me that to those of us who went to Agnes Scott there comes an even greater responsibility, beyond that of citizenship, even beyond that of our Christian citizenship. We have received an education in the finest sense of the word, not merely a certain secular knowledge but an education steeped in Christian principles. "To whom much is given of him shall much be required" was no more true when spoken by Jesus two thousand years ago than it is today. It applies to each of us who have received far above the average in our preparation for life. May we accept our share of responsibility in our own communities, in our country, in the world today, and in the world we are now making for tomorrow.

— WE PAY TRIBUTE —

In this year of 1943, Agnes Scott is losing four of its well-known and deeply loved personalities—three from the faculty and one from the administration. The four are: Mrs. Alma Sydenstricker, Professor of English; Miss Catherine Torrance, Professor of Greek and Latin; Miss Louise Lewis, Teacher of Art and Art History; and Mr. R. B. Cunningham, Business Manager. To each of these, Mrs. Sydenstricker, Miss Torrance, Miss Lewis and Mr. Cunningham, the very best wishes of all Agnes Scott Alumnae!

Mrs. Alma Sydenstricker, who was before her marriage Miss Alma Willis, has led a varied life, having kept up through the years her study of art, music, literature and especially of the Biblical languages, Hebrew and Aramaic. Two of her paintings have received national recognition. Shortly after the death of her husband she went to the Mississippi State College for Women to teach history. She also served as advisor to juniors and seniors and to Y. W. C. A. After two years at Mississippi she received and accepted a call to become head of the Bible Department of Agnes Scott, and has kept that position ever since. By continuous study and travel she has kept in touch with educational progress. One vacation was spent in the American School of Oriental Research; and a year earlier she traveled over Europe, specializing in the Archeology of Greece and Italy. In April of 1932 a beautiful tribute was paid Mrs. Sydenstricker in a write-up in the *Christian Observer*: "Above and beyond the unusual mental and educational equipment, her ability to impress the spiritual life of her associates remains her unique and most beautiful characteristic."

Miss Catherine Torrance came to Agnes Scott from Potter College in Bowling Green, Kentucky, at the time when Potter was made a part of the State Normal School. Her first association with Agnes Scott was as the associate principal in the Academy. When the Academy became the College, she took a place on the college faculty at the head of the Latin and Greek Department. Miss Torrance studied at the University of Chicago and has B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees. She was born in Charlestown, Indiana, "right on the Mason-Dixon line." Her father was a Presbyterian minister, born in Scotland. Miss Torrance's earliest teaching was done in Natchez at Stanton College, where she first

met her friend, Blance Colton Williams, well-known writer.

Mr. Cunningham was born at Liberty Hill, in Kershaw County, South Carolina. He graduated from The Citadel in 1889 and for several years taught history in the Rock Hill high school. He went to Winthrop when the college was first opened and stayed there for sixteen years. He was married to Miss Bessie Russell, of Rock Hill, in 1896. In 1911 Mr. Cunningham came to Agnes Scott and for thirty-two years he has held the position as business manager of the college. Dr. C. E. Cunningham, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, practices in Decatur. Their oldest daughter, Mary, is Mrs. Edward Cayce, of Nashville, Tenn. Another daughter, Mrs. Clifford Anderson, lives in Macon and works for a stock concern, and the youngest daughter, Kitty, who is Mrs. John E. Richards, graduated from Agnes Scott in 1936. She is now living in Macon, at Robins Field, where her husband is a chaplain.

Miss Louise Lewis, who came to Agnes Scott Institute at the turn of the century to be the art instructor, brought with her more than a knowledge of art. As a little girl she played in the shadows of universities and when she was in her early 'teens she went to Europe to study with the best teachers. Each summer since becoming an instructor at Agnes Scott she has spent her vacation painting and studying both abroad and in the United States. Completely unbiased, in her Art History lectures she presents the artist, explains his work and contributions, then allows the listener to come to her own conclusion as to the worth of the work. Many former students who have traveled abroad come back to thank her for the joy she has given them through knowledge gained from her lectures. In the studio she guides in accuracy, teaches values and helps the students seek real truth. Her manner is that of a person unafraid to let the individual work out her own way. Miss Lewis is well known not only as an instructor but as artist, and her paintings have received deserved recognition.

Another person who for many years has been connected with Agnes Scott is added to the list of those who will not be back at the college in the fall. She is Mrs. Emmie J. Ansley, secretary to Mr. Cunningham for nearly nineteen years. Mrs. Ansley has accepted a position as registrar of Peace College in Raleigh, N. C.

IN MEMORIAM

Rita (Schwartz) Aronstam, '17, died at her home, 834 Lullwater Road, N. E., on Saturday, May 14th, after a short illness. She was a native of Sumter, S. C. Rita was a worker in Parent-Teacher organizations, the Red Cross, The Service Guild, Home for the Blind, Council for Jewish Women, and Jewish Sisterhood. She also served as co-chairman of the Agnes Scott-Emory University Endowment Fund Drive. We extend our sympathy to her husband; to her daughter, Jean Cecile, of Atlanta; to her son, Lt. (jg) Charles S. Aronstam, of the Navy, in Tiburon, Cal.; and to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Schwartz, of Atlanta. A life like Rita's is never really finished, for its influence extends down through the years. For such a life we are deeply grateful.

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE 1889-1943

The Agnes Scott Ideal

High Intellectual Attain-
ment

Physical Well Being

Simple Religious Faith

Development of Charming
Personalities





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